

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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FEBRUARY 2, 1989

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FEBRUARY 5, 1979

VOL. 92 NO. 6

Classroom was never like this

Rum, swagles, steel bands and lush tropical islands are all part of Professor David Koblak's curriculum. At this school, attendance is rising. **Page 4**

Now more
at the gate

What does he want: that enormous figure behind the insurance in Iran? Ayatollah Khomeini's plans for power and becoming clear **Page 20**

COVER STORY

The man who
won't sell out

In what could amount to a political life-bowl for Bill Bennett the British Columbia premier went too far with an east coast visit and won — declaring: B.C. is not for sale. With an election in the wings Bennett's move to hail the lake-view of MacMillan Bloedel by Canadian Pacific Investments has satisfied the secret bidders but the son of W. A. C. Bennett is Billy the Kid: no more. **Page 28**

‘Ed baby’ means in

With barely enough time to unpack, Canada's 22nd Governor-General, Ed Schreyer, played a game of curling, took his kids to school and pleaded for national unity. **Page 18**

Meeting of the minds

Singer Bruce Cockburn's 4 yrs. of reviewing his first gold record album was only rewarded by the thrill of meeting the man responsible for the cover — Rita Colville **Page 38**

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© 2011 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 270: 1–12

The classroom was never like this



When learning institutions set out to lure students, they often conveniently overlook the stifling homework and the droned lectures where the battle to make the grade occasionally deteriorates into a struggle to stay awake. At the University of Toronto, however, Professor David Koblak harbors no fears that his classes will become the oral equivalent of chloroform. It's impossible to imagine a student snoring through one of Koblak's lectures in a multi-aid class deep below the surface of the Caribbean.

Sponsored by the popularity of a course in paleontology (ontology of ancient systems) he taught at U of T's Eristeak College, the 30-year-old professor is now looking beyond the campus, seeking to attract members of the general public to share his passion for coral ecology. Koblak's idea of continuing education is a two-week three-course next August on the tropical island of Bonaire in the Dutch West Indies. In addition to rain watches and steel bands, the 100 students willing to pay the \$1,500 fee will get a close look at life in the limped Caribbean Sea. Diving

Koblak's underwater assignment: do a little in-depth homework on coral reefs

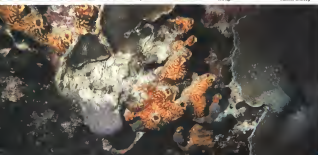
gear with sophisticated communication equipment will be supplied to permit students to participate in the bi-weekly underwater lectures.

"What we're doing is pioneering a new era in education," declares Koblak. The course is designed as a balance between vacation and learning. It is meant to provide people with a perspective on ecology and modern tropical environments but also on the ancient history of Canada since many faulted reefs have been discovered in this country and off its coasts.

Evoking romantic images of a Caribbean documentary, his students will slip through crystal waters, past rainbow-colored fish to inspect the organisms which inhabit coral reefs—one of this planet's oldest societies. The life bustling within the crevices of the reef is "probably the most complicated ecosystem in the world," depending on a fragile balance between these organisms which build on the structure and those which bore into it. Moreover, the reef is a living museum of our primordial past, containing organisms which have not changed for 500 million years.

The program is similar to the operations of the nonprofit organization, Earthwatch of Belmont, Massachusetts, that places interested laymen at field research projects with scientists. Says Koblak, who is already considering a South Pacific expedition to Tonga or Fiji next year: "People like the idea of using their vacation time and money to visit an exotic part of the world and to actually accomplish something."

Allen Bailey



Nearer my God to thee

It's a year right at the top of the T-bar, for the sixth annual sermon on the mountain. A windswept plateau below Strawberry Peak in the shadow of Mount Asinifinios in Banff National Park is the place where Anglican evangelist P.R. (Pat) Judge will stand before his snow altar and a huffing, clanking ski-borne congregation to deliver his customary opening words: "Welcome to the biggest church in the world."

A spry, earnest fellow, 50-year-old Judge is sitting in an armchair at his north Calgary home, there hasn't been much snow so far this season and he has had little time to get his ski legs in shape. Here on bald Nose Hill, the snow of the Rockies is untimely, and it is echoed ironic in the landscape paintings that Westerners love.

"We were lacking around the idea of building a church," he says, "but we decided to keep it simple. During the service people can look up and see the mountains, the outdoors that we say is created by God." He smiles over the last few words, conceding that it's an arguable point.

To be held at Kester at the spot above Sunshine Village, the service will be a snappy one with no choir. In fact the only church trapping snow will be a collection plate. Judge has been a self-appointed apostle. He started giving the service for hikers who couldn't get to church. "Hill people needed it," he says, "and then we expanded into day skiers. It's a very warm and beautiful experience." The idea recalls a distant Alberta tradition of spiritual pilgrimages, where former premier Ernest C. Manning used the snowman, Judge uses the angels to get his message across. If the language sounds a bit commercial it may be because the Kester devotion has gone beyond the purely athletic for 70, and P.R. Judge will be preaching in his new position of director of marketing for Sunshine Village Ski Resort.

Proof that Albertans are made, not born, Judge was one of those Eastern kids who came out summers to work at the Banff Springs Hotel. He fell in love with the Rockies and, after he got his degree in divinity from McGill in 1950,



followed his heart to Alberta which he saw as "the great emerging area, Canada."

"I was an Albertan 24 hours after arriving," he says. He built a new church, St. Andrew's, on the hill in northwest Calgary and then moved down the slope to become chaplain at the just-opened University of Calgary ("a hole in the ground," he remembers cheerfully). But the religious field was a depressed one in the early '60s. "People weren't traditional parish members so much," he says. "Church enrollments were declining... we got down to having guitar in church." That may have been why he moved over to become PR director of the university in '65 and then in '69 to the position of director of fund development, without dropping his holy orders, nonetheless. Last December, after 10 years of asking for money, it was time for a change. Judge had been a volunteer on the ski patrol and did the preaching at Sunshine, when the call to the new job came he didn't have to think long about turning his hobby into a full-time job.

The first cross-country ski people over to be hired by one of the "big three" Western ski areas (Lake Louise, Nanajay and Sunshine), Judge steps in as Sunshine embarks on a \$15-million expansion plan. It will be his job to attract the new skiers to the Rockies

Judge in his Rockies "church" after ego

Already charter buses carry skiers in from Japan and Eastern Canada and, as Judge points out, with Americans getting \$1.20 value for their dollar in Canada, skiers there will find Gudy works at bargain rates north of the 50th.

The largest church in the world has had its growing pains. Expansion plans were only approved after skiers out-fought a vigorous protest by environmental groups who claim that lift construction and heavy traffic will damage the unique alpine meadows. Summer tourists walking downmeadows of the village have been confronted with Don't Drink the Water signs on Samphire and Hardy Creeks. After articles in The Calgary Herald cited observations of floating new sewage, Sunshine launched a \$250,000 bid not against the paper.

Judge and his wife, Fay, will be selling their Calgary homes and moving to beautiful downtown Canmore, just minutes from the park gates. Something he learned as chaplain has stayed with him: working helps people understand more than recreation and the great outdoors. He's going where he's needed. "People don't feel the need any more for someone telling them they're good or bad," he says. "I haven't grown up my ministry, I'm just coming it in a different way." Katherine Gowler



A ghost ship sails for the film-makers

Every ship's crew knows the weather is a nature's most capricious child. So do film crews. It's the biggest crap game in town," co-produced producer Wallace before the V.M. Scully left Thunder Bay on December, on its way across Lake Superior in Midland, Ontario. The eight film-makers working on *The November Gale* had come on board to shoot storm sequences for their movie about the sinking of the ore carrier *Edmund Fitzgerald*, and they were cheerfully confident they would get their fix.

Indeed, the floating crap game appeared to have the odds on its side. The *Algonquin* carrier *Marine's Scully*, a *Fitzgerald* look-alike, was easily transformed into the ghost ship. She was flying a U.S. flag for the occasion, but never had been changed in the Midland *Fitzgerald* and the deception was enough to prompt puzzled calls from passing ships, requesting an explanation for the eerie sight. Everyone on the Great Lakes knows that the *Fitzgerald*,

which sank mysteriously three years ago with 29 crew aboard, has never been raised from her 500-foot grave in Lake Superior.

Even the 20 crew members of the *Scully* were a bit reticent about the on-board masquerade. "I'm not superstitious," Captain Marine Robinson told the film-makers. "But the first mate told me that some of the men aren't happy about this at all." Matry, however, was a less guessing matter than the weather report. Canadian and American coast guards had promised a gale in coming days. Perhaps not the 50 mph winds and 50-foot waves that took the *Fitzgerald* down, but choppy going.

A coast guard ship, the *Alexander Henry*, was sailing close by on the first leg of the trip to let camera crew snatch shots for exterior shots. All the elements for good storm shots were there except, as it turned out, the elements themselves. There was no storm.

When they reached Midland under

The *Scully* dressed up as the *Fitzgerald*, hired from the Henry for smooth sailing.

blue skies, the crew decided to stay on board until they saw some waves. They did interior and exterior test shots, confident that the weather would change. A portion of the storm footage will be shot using a 30-foot replica of the *Fitzgerald* but, said Wallace, "You can't beat the real thing." On the second night of the voyage back to Thunder Bay, nature dropped her temperamental scarf pose.

"The storm threw everything we owned onto the floor," recalls Wallace happily. "All the glasses and dishes from the galley were flying out, the refrigerator opened, dumping ketchup and everything all over the place. The ship was pounding all right, nobody could sleep, and some of the film crew were groggy."

The *November Gale* is more than just a shrouded subject for a new movie to the 54-year-old actor. Wallace was working as a deckhand on the Great Lakes tanker *Superior London* on the November night when the *Fitzgerald* went down. The following year, while working as a ferryboat captain in Toronto harbor, he started studying the transcripts of the U.S. Coast Guard investigation. The facts were perfectly clear, but nobody knows for certain what sank the *Edmund Fitzgerald*, flagship of her firm's fleet. Earlier on Nov. 10, another ship, the *Arthur M. Anderson*, had maintained radio contact with the ore carrier when the captain of the 130-foot *Fitzgerald* had reported that his ship was taking on water and starting to list.

At 7:10 p.m., she radioed her last message to the *Anderson*. "We are building our own," 20 to 15 minutes later, the *Fitzgerald* disappeared from all radio screens.

Some believe the damage occurred when the ship touched bottom on a shoal earlier that afternoon. Others lay blame with the "three mares," a trio of huge waves that have caught other vessels off guard in Lake Superior. The official view is that damaged hatches let water into the hold, the ship swamped and went down.

Co-producers Wallace and Ian McDonald hope the 35-million film will be released in time to commemorate the fourth anniversary of the tragedy next fall. In the meantime, nobody needs to convince the eight film-makers on board the *Scully* that this sort of thing could happen any stormy night on Lake Superior.

Sarah Henry



WITH APOLOGIES TO GEORGE ORWELL AND 1984. WE THINK HE GOT IT ALL WRONG.

George Orwell saw a bleak world coming in 1984. A sports world with little room for personal pleasures and rewards. Great fiction, but fiction nonetheless.

We've been thinking about 1984 too.

For example, the 280ZX, like all our 1979 Datsuns, has been designed and built to take you happily into 1984 and beyond. Our advanced quality control systems are totally integrated into every production step, and our anti-corrosion protection carries a comprehensive guarantee. Our long service intervals are among the best in the industry.

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So smile. George Orwell wherever you are.

THERE'S MORE FUTURE IN A DATSUN.

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Rooted both in technology and in imagination, electronic music is a paradox. In 1910, the French abstract painter Georges Rausch observed: "Art disturbs, science reassures." But in electronic music it is the scientific component which unsettles. To the uninitiated, the form seems outside the mainstream of music history. No less a giant, and pioneer, of modern music than Igor Stravinsky found it hard to deal with in his reaction after a first exposure: "Even the shortest pieces of electronic music seem endless, and within those pieces we feel no time control."

It's a young art form. Though it had some pioneers early in this century, true electronic music dates from experiments in sound synthesis conducted in the late 40s with post-war technology. Three decades later, its proponents and practitioners are still speeding a sizable portion of their energies trying to convince the public that what they are dealing with is a legitimate form of music, not merely the audible by-product of computer chattering.

A major propaganda effort took place in Toronto late last month in the guise of a four-day Festival of Electronic Music, Organized by A. Span, an avant-garde, multi-media gallery without-a-evaluation. It brought together a select group of composers and performers, showcasing their varied works in the general public, and to each other. Taped segments will be broadcast on CBC's *Two New Hours*.

One of the stars of the festival was David Rosenboom, an associate professor of music and interdisciplinary studies at York University in Toronto, who has performed and recorded with such disparate artists as J. R. Floyd, John Cage, John Lennon, Van Cliburn and the Merce Cunningham Dance Company. His contributions included a new work entitled *Be the Beginning (1978)*, described as a "light rhythmic and acoustical composition for three one-

Birth of a performance art: music by computer



Rosenboom and his instruments brought to you, live, by this micro-revolution

to 64 players," which he played in a 15-part version on a "computer-assisted, temporally structured, and hierarchically structured response electronic music system" of his (and Californian instrument designer Don Buchla's) own design. Sharing the evening was Victorian-based composer Martin Bartlett, with whom he collaborated on an improvisational piece called *Parade Day*, in which Bartlett's "Black Box" micro-computer performs a duet with

Rosenboom's electronic instrument.

What the festival really celebrated was the fact that, due to the latest advances in circuit miniaturization, the musicians could actually perform their material in public. There are few events as boring to a layman as sitting in a concert hall watching a tape recorder wind down, but before the micro-revolutions that was the only way electronic music could be heard. Thanks to integrated circuits, micro-computers and micro-processors (electronic brains on tiny "chips" smaller than a fingernail), musicians / technologists like Rosenboom and Bartlett have managed to put together portable instruments like Boston played a 36-note digital synthesizer he constructed as part of a "structural sound synthesis project" at the University of Toronto. An entrepreneur himself, he has left from Quebec, Canada. (Le Group d'Interpretation de Musique Electro-Acoustique), and something called a *Vocorder* which blends the human voice with a second sound source (also used on the TV series *Baywatch*). Galois, to produce the voices of extraterrestrial forces.

The cool thing about participating composers had in common—apart from the fact that they're all under 40—is that they have taken advantage of this new, state-of-the-art miniature technology to produce new, original voices—a personal instrument.

For electronic musicians the breakthrough means it is no longer necessary to descend to the lowest common denominator (playable versions of *The Flight of the Bumblebee* or the 1001 themes, *Alto Sprink* *Barthelme*) to reach new audiences. Now they can show their faces, and their music, in public.

Brian Freeman



There'll never be another Vice President like Richard.

Never.

The President made that promise to himself last Thursday afternoon, after Richard blew an important new-business presentation.

Richard isn't incompetent. The villain is his brother, or rather the toadstool drink he often has at lunch. Come afternoon, he's just not as sharp as he was in the morning.

Richard is playing dice with his health. His old-fashioned business style is also sabotaging his career. Today, with competition

so tough and stakes so high, even the most generous company can't be patient for long with an employee whose effectiveness ends at noon.

If you're a friend, do Richard a favor by reminding him of the good sense of moderation.

You can bet the man crying his job won't help him.

Seagram's

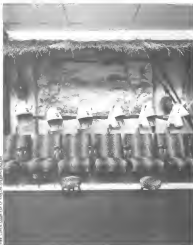


Everybody looks, but nobody buys

The man with the two Nikons dangling from his neck is intently studying the line of photographs that surround him in the tiny basement gallery. After working his way around the room, stopping to examine each silver-framed picture, he directs his gaze to the gallery proprietor and, with a silent nod of approval, disappears out the door.

"A typical customer," says Marek Reid, co-owner of the Digi Vae Gallery in Toronto. "We have over a thousand people passing through here every week," she says, clicking the buttons of the counter that keeps tally. "Most of them are serious amateur photographers who won't spend \$100 for a photograph they think they're capable of creating themselves."

The new photo images on the gallery walls are often deceptively empty of "content"—or at least the kind of journalistic story people traditionally associate with photography. Now subjectivity predominates, in photos that can be fiercely private, witty, austere, or accused to terrorism that be-



LEFT: GARY COOPER OF THE Digi VAE GALLERY. RIGHT: A PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY DEXTER (BOTTOM)

LYNN COHEN'S 'Headhunter Beauty Select' (left), a John Reid work (below) and 'Nouveau' by Harry Dexter (bottom)



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN REID (BELOW)



A Vincent Sharp (left) and Marian Penner Baranoff's 'Catherine and Audrey'

neath the surface of the ordinary. Reid and partner Sandra Hall opened their Yorkville gallery four years ago, when photography was just beginning to move into the public eye as an accepted art form. Since then, they have discovered that in spite of the dramatic new interest in photography, and the recent boom in the sales of vintage photographs (*Maclean's*, July 28, 1975), the market for works by contemporary photographers is still in its infancy. "There's a lot of interest in looking at photographic exhibitions," says Lorenza Yarrow of Toronto's Yarrow/Saleman

Gallery, "but very few people are prepared to commit themselves to buying." The picture is much the same across the country. Photographic art galleries either rely on sales of vintage photos as their main source of revenue, as Montreal's Yagna Gallery and Vancouver's Nova Gallery do, or they're nonprofit and government-sponsored, as Montreal's Optica Gallery and Victoria's Seaton Gallery are.

It may simply be a matter of time. "The collectors here are starting to be more receptive to shows by local pho-

tographers," says Nova Gallery co-owner Claudia Beck, who has represented Jeff Wall, Ian Wallace, Bruce Russell and numerous others. "There is some strong work being done on the West Coast in the field of large-format, color photography, one of my most installations was 12 feet long." Vincent Sharp, a Toronto photographer who shows at the Yarrow/Saleman and Yagna Galleries, has another theory on why collectors shy away from the work of living photographers. "They fear the photographers will flood the market with an unfocused number of prints," he says. "But it's a myth that photo-artists can make a fortune because they're able to produce hundreds of prints of each negative—there just isn't the demand."

But the gloomy sales picture hasn't discouraged the hundreds of serious photo-artists who continue to hope that some gallery owner will show their photography. "I get at least seven to 10 calls a day from photographers who want as to look at their work," says Sharon Reid. "In fact, it wouldn't surprise me if that man with the Nikons came back with a portfolio under his arm." **Glen Warner**



PHOTOGRAPH BY VINCENT SHARP (LEFT)

Down thunder

Andy Shaw's entertaining and informative piece, *Four Novembers on the Downhill Staircase* (Dec. 25), on Canada's downhill ski team buried me into the competitive world of this international sport with the speed and enthusiasm of Ken Rand's winning performance in Schladming, Austria. Accompanied by inventive graphics in patriotic red and white, the article mirrored the spirit itself. The writers, like recent Canadian efforts, was tremendously successful over-all.

MICHAEL HANEY, SARNIA, ONT.

Deus ex magazine

The New Year's editorial, *We Long to Tread a Way Nine Tired Before* (Jan. 1), was excellent. It was thought-provoking and profound—a welcome relief from the usual, bland musings in contemporary holiday editorials. I was pleasantly surprised to hear you reassert the primacy of contemplation and the fact that God is being rediscovered in the small daily miracles of living.

RICHARD F. HICKERSON, COVINGTON, LOUISIANA

I hope Peter Newman is correct in perceiving a return to religion in our sadly disillusioned society. I also hope that it will be deeper and longer lasting than the one that took place following the Second World War. Too quickly it evaporated in the ensuing scramble after material prosperity.

ROY A. MACPHERSON, PORT CHARLOTTE, ONT.

The old devil math

Champion boxer "Ancient" Archie Moore, profiled in Moore and Dorelli, *Nearly Neighbors Now* (Dec. 11), may be of indeterminate age. But his challenge, Yvon Deschamps, seems to have defused the aging process if he fought the bout 35 years ago at the age of 38 and is now only 49.

NORMAN ABER, WINNIPEG



Ken Rand: with speed and enthusiasm

A case of indecent assault

The Alberta government's heavy qualifications on accepting Vietnamese refugees made me amazed to be an Albanian. Now your enlightening article, *They Shall Be Known By the Scars of Torture* (Jan. 1), has made me cringe at being Canadian. Surely a more wide-open policy on refugees would help. Are we so crass as to trade in plain human decency for a limited and dubious security?

DAVID WALTHAM TOWNS, GRANDE PRATIQUE, ALTA.

Metaphorical misinformation

Grey Days in the Lost Continent of Oceania (Dec. 4) is uncharacteristic of Peter Newman's succinct, informative, often entertaining and always distinctive editorials. Metaphors are used to disambiguate another object or idea. In this editorial, one needs the object or idea to understand the metaphor. The study of lost continents with concrete megalomaniacs is part of archaeology, so that the dream from the airport would be a journey of archaeological rather than paleontological discovery (paleontology being the study of fossils). Again, hermit crabs who hardly dare inhabit their own shells would be brave and foolhardy, indeed, not timid as Newman implies. The aggressive hermit crab with its tender posterior is a much appropriate metaphor for a cabinet minister than for a civil servant.

BERNARD COLLINS, CURATOR, DEPT. OF INTERESTANTS PALEONTOLOGY, ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, TORONTO

Other voices, other wombs

In the column, *The Good, the Bad, the Ugly* (Jan. 8), we are to understand that Canada AM's newsmaster, Wally Muir, is unsupportive because he doesn't speak like the hundreds of second-alikes who permeate the airwaves? One would have thought that he was hired for his ability to present the news and not for his ability to sound like either father figure or bedouin partner. Perhaps you would rather have Lorne Greene clone himself to keep us in mellow voices perpetually.

DAN DUGAN, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

Sensationalism?

The article, *Dollars and Sense Along the Telephone* (Jan. 8), is playing with the image of one of the world's most revered perfumes. When women read that Chanel No. 5 (which they consider to be the epitome of fashion and elegance) is being used as animal bait, 50 years of careful and expensive marketing could go down the drain. This usually happened in November, 1977, when a comparable story was released by the Department of Fisheries and Environment Canada and was published by Canadian newspapers. We were able to show that Chanel No. 5 was never used by animal trappers.

W. A. SPENCER, DIRECTOR OF MARKETING, PARFUMS CHANEL LTD., MONTREAL

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A newspaper for Manitoba's new Chinese

It's hardly likely to threaten Winnipeg's *Canis*, the *Free Press* and the city's newest newspaper, *The Manitoba Chinese Post* (circulation, 2,000) is filling an important gap nonetheless. The paper, launched in November as a monthly, is written in Chinese and aimed at the older Chinese community and new arrivals to Canada, both of whom have some trouble with English.

Lin Hui, a Winnipeg high-school teacher who acts as an unpaid, part-time editor, says the idea for the *Post* grew out of a newsletter published by the Manitoba Academy of Chinese Studies—a cultural group that keeps Chinese language and culture alive among Chinese-Canadian youth. "The newsletter only had a circulation of 100 and we realized far more people would like to read the news in Chinese," says Hui. "We decided on launching a newspaper after hearing that a Chinese

group in Ottawa had a similar publication [*The National Capital Chinese Community Newsletter*]."

Averaging 15 pages in issue, the *Post* presents a mixture of local, national and international news, with much of the material from abroad culled from the pages of Taiwanese, Malaysian and Hong Kong periodicals. January's issue No. 3 focused on the U.S. diplomatic recognition of China and its implications for Chinese Canadians; issue No. 4 will include coverage of Industry, Trade and Commerce Minister Jack Horner's visit to China.

The paper relies on reader donations and advertising (largely from Chinese restaurants) for its income. One of the six editors, pediatrician Yanny Tsai, has his three children help paste the 2,000 address labels on for mailing.

"The feedback has been good, but we have had our problems," says Tsai. "For one thing, an anonymous mailing list existed for the Manitoba Chinese community and we had to comb the telephone directory picking out all the Chinese-looking names. That was hard." It was also, they discovered, amazingly inaccurate. "We assumed all the Lees were Chinese, but of course some of



(top center) with Tsai and his son, Kenney, a new medium for the message.

there are Anglo-Saxons. Same with the name Lee, which is German as well as Chinese. . . . They were very polite when they wrote to ask for an explanation." Peter Carlyle/Gordie

STEPHEN LEWIS



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Read this

The truth, the whole truth, or parts thereof

Canadians who routinely indulge in illegal highs may, from time to time, get the old Via paracetamol they got me down on. Well, the possibility definitely exists, the federal health department has a division called the Bureau of Dangerous Drugs, with files on more than 100,000 Canadians who have been involved with illicit drugs. Recently, under the new Human Rights Act provisions, general access to these files has opened up, but the public's right to know is, upon closer inspection, the public's right to know certain things.

The government has 1,000 data banks, most of them now open to the public. To find out if they are on the drug list, all people have to do is write to Ottawa and ask—the address and the requisite special forms are available at post offices.

The catch is that although everyone is guaranteed an answer, the message could turn out to be one of qualified caution. You, we have a file in your name and no, you can't see it. The health department retains the right to delete information about third parties (doctors, suspects, etc.) and anything which might affect future investigations.

Not only that, but the fact that you are told that there is no file in your name is no guarantee that your name is not in somebody else's file, you could be replicated elsewhere as a "third party," but you can only find out about documents in your own name.

Eric McKim, director of the bureau, objects to the file being casually referred to as a "drug users list." McKim says the files are simply a way of documenting police seizures of any controlled medical drugs, or "soft drugs" such as marijuana.

"The files are not a list of suspects," he says. "We're not an investigation unit and we don't just collect information for the sake of having it. But," he adds, "we do put information about third parties" do certain crimes may fit on the forms, make the inquiries and await the official answer, but they should keep in mind that while there may not be a Big Brother watching, a Concerned Citizen is keeping track.

Wesley Baruch

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Canadian News

The latest offer Quebec can refuse

By Robert Lewis

For Joe Clark, January was a bleak season to have been anywhere. After stumbling over his "irrevocable deficit" proposal and looking ahead, Clark's first public act¹ on arriving home was to disavow talk of negotiating sovereignty assistance with René Lévesque. Next, with Pierre Trudeau refusing Chénier's bid, Clark suffered through the installation of Ed Schreyer, the new populist Governor-General who promises a close tie to Pierre Trudeau's heart (see box). Three days later the Task Force on Canadian Unity produced an elegant and important report, driving Clark and his economic issue still further off the national stage.

By week's end, as important government circles talk was mounting about an early spring election, perhaps in the wake of next week's first ministers' meeting on the constitution. At five warm-up sessions in Vancouver last week provincial positions handed on the constitution (see following story).

¹As a direct result of this article (Clark did not appear during the week-end and Clark's first public act was to disavow the proposal).

Robert and Joseph Clark's hands-on participation calculated at 18.4 cents per Canadian

his thought. "If what is being said now had been said 30 years ago," Recovering quickly, Morris noted that with out the PQ election there would have been no report.

The big question, as Morris noted, is whether the report actually changes anything—especially Trudeau's approach to a new form of federation. The document, a painful exercise in consensus orchestrated by old political pros Jean-Lac Poirer and John Roberts, the neo-Marxist, was clearly crafted in easy English and French to be all things to all people. For Quebec (although proposing to dilute its constitutional protection for the English minority), the report winningly affirmed the assertion of successive governments back to Premier Daniel Johnson that Quebec, indeed, is the homeland of the French-Canadian nation (the only term would be the English majority whose linguistic guarantee under the new Act would be threatened). For all the provinces, the report proposed a scheme of decentralization of power that would have been unimaginable a decade ago. Even Trudeau was moved to lend the central package its "landmark contribution" (the cost, \$5.5 million or, in the acute calculation of the task force, 34.4 cents per Canadian).

Trudeau, in fact, was trying a delicate balancing act between a general embrace and approval of specifics. At a subsequent press conference last Friday, Trudeau said the recommendation that, as a start, provinces should be left with responsibility for protecting minority language rights was "and more important, because of the sorry record in English Canada on the protection of the French language. Instead, Trudeau wants to see the guarantees entrenched sooner in a new Canadian constitution. Perhaps, the PM's advisors admitted he was also concerned about the perception that the task force addressed a kind of special status for Quebec and that it took a softer line on Quebec's right to determine its own future in Confederation.

Next striking of all, however, was Trudeau's admission that there isn't anything specific in the report that can be used to advance the on-dragging negotiations toward a new constitution. There was, he said, no new proposal that he wanted to single out "and run with" at the meeting next week. Quebec's Morris wanted to anticipate that view when he observed cryptically: "We will go through a period of peace and contemplation—then everybody will forget about the report."

The exhaustive nature of the analysis makes that unlikely, at least for the

Populism to pomp: 'Ed, baby' moves into Rideau Hall

As Edward Richard Schreyer and his aide Lily gathered buffalo robes neither to protect themselves against the biting Ottawa wind and rolled away to Rideau Hall in an open air limousine pulled by jet black horses. They signed a binding check of relief. Forest for a shiny dog rearing at the horses' hooves. The 30-minute ceremony awaiting Ed Schreyer's stunning meteoric ascent to a Prime Minister's post in Canada's 22nd Governor General had gone without a hitch—until the chest at the previous day's dress rehearsal. Even Tobias, the Schreyer's mischievous son (4 years old) behaved himself during the skilfully positioned procession down the curbside of the scarlet Guelph Chamber.

Now, as the Schreyers departed for their new home in the stone mansion, the spectators, including 400 flag-waving schoolchildren and 1,500 mailed guests whose status ranged from gold-plated establishment to just plain folk, were left to ponder last impressions of their new G.G. Schreyer's speech delivered fluently in four languages—English, French, German, Ukrainian and Polish—made a strong plea for national unity, a theme he stands early to bring home and bring wings across the country early in his term of office. (The first job was to open the Quebec Winter Carnival this week, which he was to meet with Premier René Lévesque.) Schreyer wrote the speech himself in English and only some brief grammar was edited out by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's office. During the ceremonies while singing his praises, Trudeau hinted that Schreyer still carries a close political conviction. Personally, he looked forward to no weekly meetings with you because I feel that a man who has known the joys and anguish of cabinet office will offer unusually well-informed advice. Later, when Liberal minister men caulked his sweater about Schreyer's rapidly blossoming popularity and his readiness to pick up the national unity torch, continued: "We'll have to be careful—I could backfire."

The previous being of events on Parliament Hill was hardly paralleled with the confusion back at Rideau Hall where the new First Family was ushered into the Queen's suite temporarily while their own rooms were being redecorated, and then were introduced to the 68-member staff. Early having time to unpack the Schreyers had week was jammed with business appointments and receptions with the diplomatic corps, cabinet members and the press gallery. (One reporter who has always called Schreyer Ed today, at 47, said he is the youngest one up. "You

Concordia baby.") The Schreyers also entertained 100 close family friends and relatives, including Schreyer's 86-year-old mother Elizabeth and sister Dan George and brother Peter Almond and his wife Clare who once camped out in their father's bed. Schreyer's Winnipeg backyard has several models. (So far at least, the slowest trailer has not been seen in Rideau Park.)

Swearing in Court Justice Ronald Martland swearing in Schreyer quiet after cheer

By Thursday, craving some privacy, Lily confided: "We found a great big closet to retreat to."

Still, the close Schreyer clan found time for one another. Later in the week Schreyer took his older children to their first day of school in a Ottawa school. And Tobias and his parents took time off for a relaxed game of curling on the residence's rink with the household staff. (Recently, the staff conducted a war.

John La Roche



in progress is staggering. The price-fixing conspiracy is alleged to have gone on for 12 years, from Jan. 1, 1965, to Jan. 16, 1976, in all the western provinces plus parts of Ontario and Quebec. The defendants are a Who's Who of Canadian agriculture along with the so-far-fertile companies, there are a dozen

The Crown alleges that the defendants used a system of co-ordinated price setting involving the setting and raising of price lists during the late fertilizer sale seasons. Common, Sherbitt Gordon and Western Co-operative Fertilizers are accused of suddenly changing their retail pricing system from one that allowed a wide disparity of prices to an identical one system that allowed their easier comparison of each other's prices. Then, it is charged, they worked at reducing the number of sales and limiting imports of lower priced fertilizer from the United States. Production overcapacity, a downturn in the market and potential competition from U.S. fertilizer prompted the changes, the Crown says, and led the companies to reward dealers who sold at the right prices and penalize those who tried any price cutting. In the end, the defendants are accused of succeeding in establishing a single price across the Prairies for almost every fertilizer product.

This month, a parade of farmer witnesses from all the Prairie provinces testified to a sudden and inexplicable disappearance of fertilizer at wholesale prices. Ray Atkinson, founding president of the National Farmers Union (NFI), who retired last month, told the court that the NFI was organized in 1908 in part to promote group bargaining in order to save money on large-volume purchases. In the early 1970s, the 22,000-member NFI had some success at collective price bargaining. But the Crown contends that the NFI's success frightened the defendants into refusing to deal with the union as a collective body.

Bill Glyn, formerly an area NFI chairman at Quill Lake, Saskatchewan, who has since put it all down for sale and moved to the States, B.C., to work as a fertilizer, told the court that in 1971 he managed to buy fertilizer in large quantities at \$20 a ton below the retail rate. But by the end of that year he couldn't find fertilizer anywhere at less than the retail cost. James D. MacIsaac, a Brandon, Man., farmer, said that he purchased one carload of fertilizer for 100 neighbors at wholesale prices in 1972 but six carloads never arrived. The order, given to National Foods and Livestock Ltd. in Brandon, was cancelled by that company's parent, the National Grain Co. of Winnipeg, which in turn bought the fertilizer from Northwest Nitro-Chemicals of Medicine Hat, Alta.

Ironically, some of the Crown witnesses testifying against the fertilizer firms are members or delegates of what people partly named by the charged companies. And one of the defendants is a co-operative that was originally formed by farmers to fight big business monopolies. Suzanne Zwanen



Regina

Nature's radiator turns on the heat

Dr. Lawrence Vignani admits it. As head of the University of Regina's energy research unit, he wouldn't be disappointed if the drilling rig grinding away just south of the campus strikes oil in the next few days. After all, an oil well does have certain financial advantages. But what Vignani really wants is one building out of that rig in water-heated, water flushing, self-cleaning form. Vignani and his research team have reached the key stage after two years, in a \$1.2 million experiment to provide Canada's first low-grade geothermal heating project, using the natural, scalding 171 degrees Celsius water located about 2,500 metres (7,000 feet) underground to heat buildings through a radiator-type system.

Using geothermal heat is not a new concept. Tourists in the Canadian Rockies love to bask in hot springs. About 70 per cent of the buildings in Iceland are centrally heated by hot water from springs. The United States has made use of natural steam to generate electricity and France is tapping the geothermal layers near Paris to heat apartment complexes. BC Hydro and the charged department of energy and resources are spending more than \$500,000 this year to attempt to generate electricity from geothermal heat

Wignani at the wellhead: hot water heated

at Meager Mountain, 300 miles north of Vancouver. But the Regina project is the first in Canada to make direct use of nature's own low-grade hot water to heat buildings, instead of burning oil or gas.

The rig would pump hot salty water to the surface, transfer the heat to a fresh-water system and push it through pipes in a building. The cooled liquid would then flow half a mile to a disposal well that would send the water back into the same deep reservoir. Heat claim for the heating system to be installed in a 300,000-square-foot athletic complex is proposed for the university. Vignani estimates it would save about \$180,000 in a 100-day heating season, based on prices of \$12 per barrel for oil and \$2 per 1,000 cubic feet of natural gas. At this rate, the project could pay for itself in about eight years. However, before all that happens, Vignani says tests to make sure the well has enough hot water to keep the students warm will take several months.

And what about the prospect of striking oil? "Pretty faint," Vignani says. "This area is outside the oil oil-prone areas in Saskatchewan." But as one in 100-per-cent sure since the oil-bearing formations are above the water layer, so the university has persuaded the provincial government to grant it full rights on the quarter section of land involved, just in case the rig strikes black gold instead of hot water.

Robert Cheshire



The Mounties fail to get their cows

Mounted Selter, a 64-year-old farmer, lives his home town of Russell, 200 miles northwest of Winnipeg, but he never has come in here. Selter has been visited—and thoroughly.

Late last October, Selter and his 27-year-old son, Greg, who farm 1,440 acres were coming day and night to get the harvest in before the snow fell. They loaded cattle at the 300 strong herd of Angus Simmental cows were mulling, but assumed they had stayed and would be loaded when the grain was in. When the Selters finished their harvesting Nov. 1, no fewer than 67 cows and 28 calves worth \$130,000 were still missing. Worse, they were missing.

The Selters have a place to scan the valleys, but the cattle had gone without a trace and since covered any tracks left by the midnight cowboys who had scuffed their. A 21-month investigation by RCMP has failed to turn up any trace of the cattle and Selter is \$50,000 toward a reward. "The RCMP have checked the stepples and suburbs in Canada but in pretty sure the cattle were loaded into a couple of cattle trailers and driven to the U.S.," he says. The cows were branded as I suspect whoever snatched them had an interest in a hiding place. The many questions would be asked at the Canadian plains."

He expects the cattle-travelling operation



was planned in Canada by someone who knew his movements and he can't disassociate by the lack of progress in finding them. I have a good year and year I increase the reward to \$100,000 and this might still come looking. I know of one case where I took three years to catch a rabbit and I'm not giving up. Nor at Selter would I give up his remaining herd.

We're pursuing a close case on them and the current case back for them, we're going to pursue them to the end. He says, "I want to get away with the rest of it can help."

Proctor Carley-Gardner

Fredericton

For whom the bell tolled not

When dentist David G. Wade discovered his office telephone number was missing from the Fredericton directory, he knew he had a potential problem. Dentists, who are not allowed to advertise, depend on word of mouth and furlings in the white and yellow pages to attract new patients. So Dr. Wade asked NBTel to include his number in a message with its monthly bills to Fredericton customers.

When the company refused, he sued NBTel—and the company that printed his phone books, L.M. Berry—for some \$40,000 in lost 1978 income.

The 31-year-old dentist, who has been in practice 15 years, says

he might have lost as much as \$75,000 if his own brother, Richard, had a dentist, had referred many of his new patients to him. As it was, Dr. Wade found he was booked only one or two days ahead and says, "There's not much security in that." Last March, he took out a newspaper ad noting that, the telephone book notwithstanding, he was still alive and drilling in Fredericton. But that gambit produced only one new patient—and criticism from other dentists. For \$100,000, NBTel offered Dr. Wade a \$500 rebate on his phone bill for the year, but he says that was little consolation since it wasn't going to make his telephone ring.

These days, the bells are jangling again on Dr. Wade's office because the new Fredericton directory, which was released in December, displays the dentist's number for all to see. In fact, business is so good he's booked well into next week. But Dr. Wade is going ahead with his lawsuit anyway. "There should be protection," he says, "for people whose names are left out."

David Fisher

Dentist Wade still alive and drilling

Atkinson: success worried the defendants

named but unrestricted co-conspirators—profits will come down from business on the Prairies. The fertilizer companies were sent to trial after a preliminary hearing that stretched over a year. And if the companies are convicted, each faces fines of up to \$1 million and/or prison terms of up to five years for its principal officers.

The opening round in the battle goes back to Feb. 28, 1975, when combined investigation officers forced out across Canada and seized documents from the six defendants: Common Ltd., Imperial Oil Ltd., Northwest Nitro-Chemicals Ltd., Sherbitt Gordon Mines Ltd., Skimpot Chemical Co. Ltd., and Western Co-operative Fertilizers Ltd. The raids produced 10,000 pieces of paper—one of each fertilizer he spent three days searching and sifting in the Brandon, Manitoba, offices of Skimpot mine. Some 2,000 documents were entered as evidence, a process that occupied the first few weeks of the trial, which began in November.



The man who won't sell out

By Thomas Hopkins

Bill Bennett was mad and getting madder. The day before, two days after Christmas, he had been dining with his family at Big White Mountain outside Kelowna, in south-central British Columbia. The skies were calm, blue, the air was cool enough to brighten the natural ruddiness of his face, when Bennett heard on a sparkling radio that Montreal-based Canadian Pacific Investments was attempting to make a corporate switch of B.C.'s huge forest company, MacMillan Bloedel (in the mid-80s even a courtesy phone call to write him. And by CFI, a subsidiary of Canadian Pacific—based in B.C. of all the Eastern industrial giants. Shoring down to the Bennett side cabin, he made phone calls and arranged for a government plane to fly him to Victoria the next morning. Then, after he got up at 5:30 a.m., a series of telephone periphrases of date seemed instant on flanking the B.C. premier's anger. Because of frozen pipes he had to wait snow to shove, a dead battery forced him to coast out a neighbor with jumper cables. Following behind to see the premier did not get stuck, the neighbor did, and had to be granted out—as the government plane left without him. Worse the lack for CFI, because when a heavily loaded Bill Bennett finally thrust his jaw into a television camera later that day and tentily declared "B.C. is not for sale," he was clearly not motivated toward negotiation. But if the initial reaction was anger, over the next two weeks Bill Bennett, 46 and premier for three years, coolly exploited British Columbia's deep-rooted distrust of the CFI as ammunition for a risky push-up with the eastern giant—and won. That he was clever enough to make both the risks and the rewards was evident during a 30-minute meeting with directors of the eastern forest company Domtar (who were pushing a deal of their own) when he remarked, "I can win an election by out-pumping against the CFI. I can lose if I don't."

The statement may or may not be prophetic but the apocalyptic standstill with CFI/CFI's last Sinclair (see under

reports Section) providing the majority talker at a Vancouver dinner party, otherwise, "I am not paid \$400,000 a year to lose. I am paid to win" showed a man clearly in command. And the clasp with CFI was only one of a remarkable series of critical, well-thought-out political hammer blows in the past two months that has left a dispossessed and confused B.C. opposition groping for air. Clearly editorial critics can no longer rely on opposition at will: the high school graduate with the hard-core stare has found a way to the center B.C. legislature. What he brings from the shadows of his father W.A.C. Bennett, for 20 years premier of the province? And finally, will BCI find a limit?

Since his 1975 victory over Dave Barrett's bar, Bennett has emerged as smart, isolated and non-introspective. A populist as all B.C. politicians must be, a true gut feeler of both big business and big unions, a manager aware that his building is man the 1970s. That is in contrast to an now nervously keeping the two of ill fitting, three piece suits as an attempt to appear respectable, who have been routinely deked out of their once-made underwear by Bennett as they turn.

Since having and hand-hold politicians can be seen as far back as the spring when reformism allowed, chronic government and dissolution of several years was by treacherous Second opponents, including, naturally, Silver Kenneth Brown. In a pre-Christmas special version of the legislature, called ostensibly to order striking non-teaching school staff back to work in the West Kootenays of south central B.C., the Bennett slipped a sweeping new section into the Essential Services (Exemption) Act that greatly increased the number of provincial civil servants under its strike restrictions. The move was seen as an effective challenge to Jon Bonair, new head of the B.C. Federation of Labor (see box on page 22). That was followed by a new Ministry of Demographic that, much like with the recent narrative restructuring, attempted to increase to five per cent, allowed the government to fire harshly onto the present tax revolt headwinds and cut the losses from under newly Tory leaders (and vice Conservative M.L.A. W. Stephens. Then, after heroically rescuing MacMillan from the clutches of CFI, Bennett dazzled the financial world and dislodged the government of B.C. Resources Investment Corporation (Crown-owned holding corporation for state-owned mining and oil and gas rights) by giving away its assets in five-share lots to every B.C. man, woman and child. Other announced goodies include legislation to free up Crown land for private holdings and a loosening of homeowner taxes followed by a smoke-jar budget estimated by last year's \$140-million surplus. That may be

As the trees grow, so grows MacBlo

When Premier Bill Bennett bleated loud facts and figures and told newsmen it would be "a tremendous psychological blow" to B.C. to have MacMillan Bloedel's head office moved out of the province it may not have been understood by the eastern press but it was a matter of faith for British Columbians such as Rob and Sandra Carman of Powell River (population 34,000) some 100 miles and two ferry rides north of Vancouver. Rob Carman, 46, is a managing director of the sawmilling pulp lumber and newsprint complex where the company pays two-thirds of the local taxes and employs 2,205 people on a \$60-million payroll. For Carman and his friends, MacMillan Bloedel is mother, father and ivory gator. His children, Mirvis, 8, and Cory, 7, take driving lessons in a \$7.9 million recreational car for which MacBlo is at it usually called produced the bulk of construction costs through bank. Says his friends: "Most of our friends work for MacBlo and I don't know anybody in Powell River who doesn't have someone in the firm working for the company."

The Carman are not alone. Of MacBlo's 24,000 worldwide employees some 18,300 with 70,000 dependents live in B.C. in that it is almost impossible to travel anywhere in the province without seeing some MacBlo involved. Industry critics suggest that the two linked red tanglers of the company's logo are probably more easily recognized from the provincial flagwood symbol in Vancouver than is the H.

R. MacMillan H. MacMillan and the tower. Arthur Erickson designed corporate headquarters on Georgia Street. Not to forget Macmillan Contemporary and the tower Douglas fir of the province's Galveston (Bowie on Vancouver island which may include environmentalists who routinely attack the company for its sheer size and sometimes clumsy siting of its forests. All first largesse resulted from lumber byproducts and the American Powell River Company's construction of the West's first newsprint mill in 1912. Mergers in 1951 and 1959 spearheaded by lumber magnates J. H. MacMillan and H. R. MacMillan brought the new B.C. giant into the world. It quickly went international and today has operations in the U.S., Europe, South America and the Far East. For example MacBlo owns 5.1 per cent of Alcanco has the rest of a 300,000-acre pine forest plantation in three forest and timber subsidiaries in Malaysia and a lumber mill in Alabama. On the west coast, it owns and leases 28 million acres of forest in B.C. operates 28 sawmills, pulp mills, newsprint and packaging products mills in Canada and exported worldwide sales for 1977 of \$1.7 billion.

As the largest and most visible enterprise in the province it is most important in daily life. MacBlo is clearly a company unlike the others. When Bill Bennett, in the best B.C. political tradition, declared war that those voters who may have balked at the province slogan, B.C. is not for sale, would fall into line, when they realized the story was really inflicting enormous frustrations. MacBlo is not for sale.

Bennett with MacMillan mill manager John Maxwell at Powell River harbor jetty



Bennett is a prebait-to-cyberbait standstill

in an early spring election call based on the nonrenewable funds in the budget, although Bennett couldn't go to the polls until early 1991.

The savvy voters are not those of the uncertain, blustering man who first came to politics after winning the election for his father's Kelowna seat, following the elder Bennett's defeat by Dave Barrett and retirement in 1972. As Victor was fresh from running his dad's business and, with his brother R.J., was earning a million here with shopping plazas and other interests. Elected leader shortly after, he was faced with a fading and demanding party holding only 10 of 35 seats. ("The reason why I don't comment on the legislature was the knives were coming from behind") and a trans-plant NDP that was mercurial in its attitude of the unknown new boy.

W.A.C. says with pride today, "He's half an old and twice as tough," but it is not a tongue-in-cheek boast at his father's loss. W.A.C. would, from the time of his election as premier in 1982 and before, leave Bill's mother and his brother and older sister, Anna, on their own. Bill was working at the age of 13 to earn pocket money and left school after Grade 12 to help run the family business. And when he ventured into politics, he was soon being derided as someone "who knew nothing but hardware, mid-estate speculation and what he read in the morning paper."

Bennett freely admits he was a poor government leader, but when he started the handling, accident-prone NDP in 1976, he found it a reward, teaching a steady-eyed pursuit of modernization for the provin-



Bennett, a man, place and politician

cial old party. To help maintain the electoral readiness of the 65,000 short-handled workers Bennett faithful in the International Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, a year in trouble throughout the govern-

ment. He also gathered around him an inner circle of trusted old friends such as Kelowna crane "Burr" Turner, construction director and former oil man David Brown and veteran Social credit fighter Dan (White Elephant) Campbell, whom he considered the only Bennett behind the current political offensive. But Bennett is clearly the boss, keeping staff and colleagues alike at arms' length. The party-bait tradition of Bennett, fish-stealing Liberals and Tories stopped together in 1975 to turf out the NDP has been difficult



Mayne Walsh, following in the pay dirt

quite well on a deal of agriculture. Forest products and a little oil and gas production, when several tumultuous changes took place. The life community which looks like it could be left behind in the oil and gas industry. The B.C. highway department built the main trunk (both at them) and Bill Bennett ruled the not-necessarily-Victoria, thus measuring his years' investment. Best of all oil and gas deals and jumped along with wealth and power and even at the staff with leader under Bill's son, which costs. For Bill's son is now B.C. a petroleum capital, pumping some \$2 million a day in royalties into the provincial

treasury. In the words of Mayne Walsh: "Everything popped."

In the succeeding months of oil and gas companies poured men and machines into the town. The population jumped from 6,600 in 1974 to between 12,000 and 13,000 today. Total building permits reached a value of \$4.2 million in 1975 to \$25 million in 1977, with \$56 million expected for the current year. There's barely a single lot in town that doesn't have a development proposal, says friendly-sounding inspector Mike McLaughlin.

Although Port St. John's oil and gas boom is expected to last only five to six years, the Alaska Highway gas pipeline is to be built within 30 miles of the city, bringing in an estimated 10 billion tons of natural gas and at a proposed \$100 million cost on the Peace River. Should it pick up any slack when the oil pipeline is completed? For longtime Port St. John residents complaining about the traffic (so much) and the parking (too little) has become a favored complaint. "It's still a nice place," says the 19-year-old resident Phil Rogers. "But it's getting bad. Pretty soon we'll have to start locking our doors." Dan Worberg

led together by Bennett, although in the words of one mildly lefty Liberal functionary, "power can be powerful cement." Perhaps most impressive of all, Bennett has abandoned the paradoxical constitutional status of his predecessors, developing thoughtful, well-researched, if not very positive papers on regional and federal-provincial problems. All that, combined with a building northeast centred around the oil and gas lands of Port St. John (see box on page 38), promised him a port (a little bit for Prince Rupert, projected growth of 3.4 per cent, record forest industry profits and a shocking big surplus, most make Bennett, a man who, it is said, plays tennis not to relax but to win, clearly justified. Really enjoying in the leadership state of the provincial Liberals with the deflection last December of Gordon O'Brien to the federal party, the Tories with only one sitting member and an NDP still recovering from an unprecedented election loss in Alberta in the fall.

In enjoying every minute of it," says J. Bennett, once a place of Johnny Walker Red in a session held in Powell River, north of Vancouver. Bennett, with bare feet on an air chair, the choppy, cold public person dishevelled and incongruous character about founded the last night of the Super Bowl because of an ill-timed speech) comes without stress. His life in Victoria is peaceful, starting with a wake-up call in his 12th-floor suite in an apartment hotel, moving to a two-room room and a breakfast of juice and vitamin supplement. The rest of the day in golf, golf, he returns to his wife, Anna, and their family in a white house on 23 acres

of unshaped near Kelowna on the weekend. The picture for Bennett is not all clear sailing, however. Worn-out polls, although done before the Maclean's reveal and five short growing seasons, reveal a clear lead for the NDP. The clearest hope of the "B.C. is not for sale," used by a government that recently sold a provincial-owned bus line and policy operation to American interests, has not escaped the leader Dave Bennett, who only the ghost and the shadow "Bennett system." Also becoming a B.C.'s continuing high unemployment (projections for 1979 reach 8.8 per cent) and the long memories of voters struck in 1975 by Bennett's Draconian measures—trippling provincial car insurance rates and doubling fire rates. A continuing problem in Bennett's view (lack of water) is public—he has been dubbed the Tin Man.

In a nation of corporate and consumer



Kennedy leaving little to be shot

workers in the West Kootenays back to work and retreating the night-to-night or, once, briefly defined "essential" survivors. The province, used to the British-style construction industry of the B.C. province, led by David Bennett (but for an angry response from labor, Bill Kennedy went no further than a series of rallies and speeches on the province's government. Said one union leader: "Kennedy is more a candidate than a leader. He is hard to evaluate—let me never notice that he's tough."

Kennedy himself (besides at such events, late and notes that in 1972 when he was running the province's construction arm he came on a better struggle with the British Rail-Social government of the day and defied a back-to-work order. At that



W.A.C. Bennett and Bill Bennett in 1969

leaders, B.C. wears its heart on its sleeve-dipped sleeve. As a result, predicting elections in this vibrant province that has thrown up three consecutive premiers in a row is a snap game. With both the Bennett and the NDP nationally controlling an irremovable block of the popular vote, it will be the ability of the big boys to win the 11 per cent of the electorate that did not vote for either of the major parties in 1975 that will determine the outcome. Although he says he wants to be out of politics by the time he is 62, B.C.'s Bill Bennett has been running hard and looking over his shoulder all his life. He is not about to let up now. ♦

line," recalls Kennedy, "we were accused of being socialist, adventures, ultra left."

But in 1975, Kennedy did a switch and joined the government as a social credit ministry of labor (any staff duties being understandably sidestepped by the fact that the government was by then Dave Bennett's work). While he didn't like the white-belt machinery bit, and left the past two years later he returns close to the New Democrats and wants them back in power. His two-year-old experience in the government's back to work legislation last year may simply have been good political strategy. With an election looming and conflicts affecting 231,000 B.C. employees up for settlement, an independent labor movement could have presented an easy target for the Social credit and provincial employees. By the way, Kennedy has given Bill Bennett and the Social credit to dwell on it all the while: work, the new call could be the Bennett in the election and Kennedy could wield considerable power as a government insider. If the new laws, Kennedy may take off the gloves and take on Bennett in a renewed look of defiance.

Pretty soon they'll have to start locking the doors

THE Port St. John jeweller needed the bare-end gate of the \$17,000 suit but not the drilling gun. As he stood he felt the car, the middle-aged man victim, rattled. (Difficult to a man can't even cross the street without some blasted honking at him.) At a still unfinished stop for far down the snow and mud-baked road, a corporate skilled hammering long enough to let a soldier emerge with an amount of tools, including a pair of wrenches, which reads: Future home of "I'm the new house" B.C. beautiful even construction notes are incoherent.

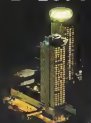
Port St. John is part of B.C. only because the provincial boundaries have to follow the Rocky Mountains. All the way and indeed should do north to divide the vast outcropping of northern prairie called the Peace River country between B.C. and Alberta. Until 1955 the town had been doing

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Hilton
International



World News

Running out the guns

It was the Republicans' week in town, although clouded late on by the death of Nelson Rockefeller (see page 31). While a haggard and weary President Jimmy Carter was busy defending his budget (chiefly against attack in his own party) the 60th (Grand Old Party's) charismatic, tall Texas John Connally was touting his ten-gallon Stetson into next year's election race and another Republican hopeful, Ronald Reagan, seemingly 15 years older than the president, was bounding around the Washington scene like a Super Bowl running back.

Connally, particularly, was in top form. Silver-haired and handsome, he wasted no time in announcing that if Carter won't fling Ameri-



Carter at work on his address; the smile faded infrequently

ca's leadership boots, he knew someone who said: "My wife Nellie and I have been looking at some choice property in the downtown area," he told a Mutual Press Club luncheon in a speech broadcast nationwide by public radio, and he went on to attack Carter on the economic and foreign fronts. It wasn't all negative stuff either. Connally also proposed a constitutional amendment for a one-term, six-year president.

The whole election-starved Washington press corps arched on that welcome opportunity for early election posting. Teddied Buller, guest David Binder of The Washington Post got Connally's connection with both Richard Nixon (he served as treasury secretary) and a 1974 bribery charge (he was acquitted after the opening sentence of

Prison (see left) and Connally was the "new frontier" built on quicksand?

his report. But Connally had ready answers. "My relations with him [Nixon] were decent and honorable. I served him but the nation." And as the bribery charge. "A Washington, D.C., jury gave the acquittal, I hope for all time." In fact, said Connally, he was the only certified non-criminal in the field.

That wasn't enough for former Democratic presidential hopeful Senator George McGovern, however. Connally, he said, embodied the worst of both Watergate and Vietnam. "He's the perfect symbol of the double-talking, double-crossing politician. He doesn't even know what party he belongs to." (That was a reference to the fact that Connally, a lifetime Democrat, switched allegiance in 1973.)

While confabbing Connally was slapping backs and hugging and autographing the glossy phorics he had assumed, one, Democrats in Capitol Hill were studying without enthusiasm to Carter's State of the Union message, delivered the previous night, and the proposed 1980 budget. Sen. House of Representatives Speaker Thomas (Pete) O'Neill: "The speech never varies. I've heard it so many times I know it by heart." Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts called it "a speech of the times—dull and forgettable."

The Republicans focused their criticisms on the State of the Union message. Senator William Roth and Carter's "new foundation" was built on economic quackery. And another possible presidential candidate, Senator Charles Percy, and wryly: "I don't think anyone can accuse it of being a hair-banger."

As he addressed Congress, Carter looked as though he'd already kicked the restraints. The famous smile faded infrequently, the frown seemed deeper around the eyes and the flesh sagged on his neck as if a much older man. That made the Reagan-Miller (Capitol Hill) in search of moderate Republican support all the more impressive.

Reagan, who was officially in Washington for a Republican National Committee meeting, is generally accepted as the front-runner for his party's nomination and his campaign advisers have clearly decided to tackle his biggest problem—his age—head-on. In his frequent speeches and lectures, Reagan spends time emphasizing that he is in excellent health and backs up these statements with athletic displays whenever the television cameras point his way. What's more, it's not all show. Despite his seniority to Carter he looks the fitter man—and he sets a fast pace. In three days, the former Illinois cattle country manager is slated for five meetings of the 41 Republican senators and more than 40 congressmen and

Lévesque's new window on Washington

Quebec's Premier René Lévesque charmed and confounded on the press as he wooed an audience last week as he pulled off the most successful money ever into the political heart of the United States.

First, he was afforded an open national platform late at critical response to report the requested concept. And he made one of it with the style and panache that first brought him to power.

Second, he gained access to Capitol Hill, where he was able to talk directly to political power brokers, most especially Senator Edward Muskie of Maine.



Lévesque of the National Press Club: a change in the official U.S. attitude

Third, and most important, he was able to live first time to meet privately with a state department official without a member on the Canadian embassy being present.

That last development can be questioned as a substantial breakthrough. In the past the state department has always kept well clear of the leader of the Parti Québécois. The policy, declared by President Jimmy Carter, was that any such talk might be interpreted as U.S. support for separatism. But this time was a change in attitude. On Thursday night a dinner given by Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies and one of the 22

people present was an official of the Canadian state at the state department. Lévesque spent half an hour about the place for the future. But he was able to discuss politics privately with the official. It was an initial contact with the Carter administration and it delighted the premier. Later the official said: "I was there as an entirely innocent and another opportunity. However I did talk with Lévesque about the weather. The situation in Quebec is of interest to us here and we need to know what is happening. Issues of substance were discussed, but I am not at liberty to tell you what they were. Kenneth [Lévesque] held off the interview's development of Canadian affairs said. It was a very private affair. But I told Minister Lévesque that we did give good reasons for him. He is a unique individual." Lévesque's meeting with Muskie after his address to the National Press

Club, where his 20-minute speech was broadcast, came to an end over a table into silence. The two politicians talked about border problems, especially the difficulties involved in Quebec's membership working legally in New England. Then they chatted for about five minutes on the separate issue.

Lévesque was surprised and pleased when Muskie decided to call in personally later that day to tell him that he was now in the game for a "sovereign" Quebec. That had been no accident during the Lévesque talks, that the limited but renewed support was forthcoming, that he did not expect to see the president's support on his trip.

William Lowther

to talk to budgetary planners and power brokers in order to lay the foundation for a presidential bid.

As the week ended, George Bush, the former oil chief and another Republican presidential hopeful, also came to Washington to court the Capitol Hill residents with his moderate law-based approach. But if he's leading week's as the campaign begins, he was at the comparison between Carter's apparent mental and physical fatigue and

his socialist Republican opponents, has done nothing to reduce the chances for a Democratic rival, Senator Edward Kennedy.

When it comes to style and presence, Kennedy has no peer. So it was that the latest Gallup poll, too, brought little comfort to the White House. For while it gave Carter the edge against the Republicans field, earlier polls have made it clear that Kennedy could beat Carter within his own party. Catherine Fox

Ayatollah Khomeini: new man at the gate

Nearly nine per cent of Iranian opposition *Ayatollah Khomeini* and former U.S. Attorney-general Ramsey Clark last week. And Shadrach's domestic oil movement by Iran's Prime Minister Shapour Bakhtiar that he would fly to Paris to end the eight-month "interim on the future of the country" merely underlined the fact that, at least for the present, only Khomeini holds the power to direct the country's destiny. How could he not? There are capitalistic inscriptions of his interview: Martin McDougal, in this profile, explores the origins.

Some correspondents have struggled to report with certainty that he has said he would return to Iran as its new leader, while others were just as certain that he had denied any such intentions. Wire services crisscrossed with reports of widely ascribed writings, the with

The Ayatollah Khomeini (right) and visited following a "vacation from modernity".



[3] in the sufficiency of political Islamism. He contrasts to any—his troops are an enormous natural analogue of countless offshore breeding birds and a quarter-century of post-up rage. His mental burst of any foreign alliances. His policy proclamations have been laughed at as unrealistic and esotericism, his view of the world has been dismissed as just slightly more up-to-date than that of George Bush.

Yet in this age of the Brave Woman and the Six Million-Dollar Man, when every schoolchild grows up knowing right and wrong and "Islam" is the one adjective that is sacrosanct, a frail 50-year-old in white flowing beard, the Ayatollah Ruhollah Musavi Khomeini, his topped one of the world's oldest, wealthiest and most awesomely armed men.

Since that extraordinary feat of resolution to remove itself from his Persian exile the world has awaited his triumphant return to his native land, the sweeping sands of the government set up by the Shah's man, Shapour Bakhtiar, the emergence from the shadow of the Ayatollah's Islamic Revolutionary Council, the endorsement of a progressive (and/or) conservative (irrevocably) Muslim state after national elections and the apothosis of Khomeini as... but there the trouble starts.

Despite the superstitions and other clucking of the Western media that have been piled under his misbegotten whimsies in an attempt to leave Iran's fate, the answers from beneath the black turban, which commemorates the death of the Prophet Mohammed's son-in-law, have done little to solve the riddle of how the mullah can expect to resurrect itself.

kings of reason and skepticism, which clearly stand with his recent assumption of leadership for the Islamic.

Part of the confusion arose because Khomeini speaks neither French nor English and has done frequently despite translations of his rapidly worded utterances. But the better part of the puzzle is in itself in the Western world's rudimentary comprehension not only of Islam but the Shah's sect whose notions of spiritual and secular power are fundamentally intertwined.

Born into a deeply religious family in Khomeini, a town 180 miles south of Tehran, under the name Rezaullah Khomeini, the Shah's future commander was



named as the firm Shi'ite master of all authority which springs from the sect's origin. It traces its roots back to Ali, a nephew who assumed leadership after Mohammed's death in the seventh century, who was also married to the prophet's daughter, Fatima. When Ali was ultimately defeated and his two sons killed, the Shi'as were reduced to a minority and today still represent only 10 per cent of the world's Muslims, chiefly in Iran and Iraq.

Like most religions, they were subjected to persecution and maintained by the belief in the second coming of a divine leader, the Mahdi Imam, who will restore justice and righteousness.

Until that time, the sect's priests, or mullahs, are the custodians of the Shah while all temporal and secular leaders who claim power—in the Shah did—are regarded as corrupt or "un-Islamic". The Shah himself was doubly guilty as the son of the peasant army colonel who became Reza Shah the Great and tempered with Islamic authority by introducing secular law in place of Muslim jurisprudence, taking over education and forbidding women to wear the chador—the head-to-toe black veil.

Heads quickly made his mark as a brilliant student. But in 1930, when a brother was arrested for political activity, he took to the streets of Khomeini as a Jew, a specialist in Islamic law, he gained a reputation early as a militant voice among the young. He nevertheless maintained a low profile

redemption of the mullahs (Islamic belief was) was the further erosion of their moral and political authority. After the death of the Shah in early 1980, sparked by one of the Ayatollah's sermons comparing the Shah to Yazid, whose troops killed one of the Prophet's grandsons, Khomeini was called out to rule with his sword and his tongue. The Shah then sentenced to death Khomeini's reputation as both martyr and hero, a rallying point for all dissident with his own increasingly authoritarian ways.

Khomeini's political profile was direct as he promised to be faithful to his roots, published in Arabic in 1970 under the title Islamic Government and now linking out, which are currently stirring Western fears. Writing that "it is our duty to... about at the top of our voices and people defend the Jews and their foreign masters are plotting against Islam and are preparing the way for the Jews to rule over the entire planet," he raised the spectre not only of violent anti-Semitism but of a campaign against all foreigners. The action, however, laid that the working has been taken out of context and that the rights of Israel's Jewish and American minorities will be preserved, and their various plans with the traditional Muslim view that Jews and Christians are "people of the book" (the Koran) and therefore fellow believers.

The final act which pushed Khomeini into the role of Iran's master came when the Shah's treasury of information made the disastrous miscalculation of playing on Islamic in the Iranian press, a year ago last January, which questioned not only Khomeini's piety but even his Iranian origin (one of his grandfathers spent time in India). The followers erupted in the first wave of rioting which saw his portrait burned and his name as a banner of war, and ultimately brought down the Pahlavi Throne.

Last month, as the United States was still trying to shore up the Shah's regime, presidential adviser George Shultz characterized Iran as "a fundamentalist reaction, if you will, to a sense of modernity." That is a purely Western judgment and it fails to take account of other values.

While the Western press continually raises the spectre of an Islamic republic which "threw" heads will be beheaded off and women will be re-enclosed to purdah (conclusion from public), it has seldom been pointed out that the Shi'ites, unlike the Muslims of Arab Arabia, have been used for the sake of modernity (or, more accurately, for the sake of tradition). Modern attitudes still exist, there is no doubt that Khomeini will demand a return of jurisprudence to the mosque

and he has made clear that abortion, promiscuity, sex-education, alcohol and Western films would be outlawed. It is not to be seen, law, what he meant when he promised that women would continue to take a prominent place in society.

But from that point on nothing is certain. If the Ayatollah retains his power, there may be a new Islamic movement's beliefs might not instantly convert a living legend into the greatest of the last year's crop of revolutionary martyrs. Or he could be rebuffed by the political squabbling (assuming he would stay there) by a minority of the Islamic clergy. It is not yet clear whether the apparently anarchistic holy man in the black robes will go down as the devil his critics portray him as, dragging Persians back to the Dark Ages, or a modern-day saint who has hoped the most significant step in a new Islamic renaissance.

Mexico City

Calling for a step—but with which foot?

The shock waves from an early morning earthquake which hit Mexico City just hours before the arrival of Pope John Paul II last week were quickly followed by an anxious sign. Vaticanologists openly expected the Pope's first major step abroad would be an important gesture towards the world's most rapidly growing shock waves through Latin America's divided Roman Catholic Church. The Pope himself, en route to Mexico in a crackle-encased Altavilla jumbo jet, had told journalists that the "divine theory" rejected by many leftist activist clergy was a "false theory" if it condoned change by violence. It was wrong, he said, that he would come down on the side of the traditional church hierarchy, determined that the church be deplacated.

But when a swelling, multi-colored Pope formally opened the Third Latin American Bishops' Conference last Saturday at the revered Mexican shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe, his sermon was an apparent step towards the strong of 200,000, and a parade of 200,000 and priests who took more than 20 minutes to file into the basilica, the Pope stressed personal piety. He called on the church to take a "correct and necessary step forward" but he didn't say on what that step might be.

Said Father Bob Oglin, a Guatemalan priest who worked as a missionary in northern Brazil in the 1960s, "I am glad the statement wasn't more clear one



Mexican street marchers Agustin Estrada with Pope carrier alongside Oliver Newton-John and John Travolta. (Info theory)

way or the other because it leaves the hope free to speak their minds and discuss their positions." But other observers were not so sure. They noted that the Pope had given a hint of his true position in pressing views expressed at a signed of bishops in 1976 when the importance of personal, spiritual development was stressed ahead of political activities.

If true, that interpretation would leave the Pope open to criticism by progressives in the Latin American church—which include almost half of the world's 338 million Roman Catholics—on the grounds that he is not facing up to the continent's grave social problems.

The Pope's week-long foreign tour—the first since he was elected in October—came after a host of diplomats in Rome with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko Outward-Bound, the pontiff chatted openly with reporters but yet sent a telegram to French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and had a brief conversation with President Jimmy Carter from the cockpit.

At his overnight stop in Santo Domingo, the Pope was mobbed as he said an outdoor mass. Crowds were even more enthusiastic in Mexico where the Vatican's yellow and white colors blossomed everywhere along with the papal portrait. But the pomp and the public's love affair with the smiling Slav will not head off the battle which is likely to ensue behind the 16-foot walls of the sanctuary in Puebla, 65 miles southeast of Mexico City, where for the next two weeks 300 prelates from 32 countries will discuss future policies for their poor and oppressed dioceses.

In the 30 years since the last conference in Colombia firmly set the church in opposition to Latin America's dictators, more than 400 priests, nuns and Catholic activists have been killed, deported or reported missing. Many blue-jointed, bearded "red" priests have come to the conclusion that only vio-

lence will better the lives of their parishioners. Others, less radical, nevertheless are opting for a "Marxist Christianity."

The working document at the conference will deplore the "erast contrast of luxury and the extreme poverty" but it carefully criticizes both capitalism and Marxism alike, putting the emphasis as the 1974 synod did on spiritual development. So the bulletins are drawn for this week's meeting. Diplomacy or no diplomacy, the week ahead seemed likely to provide spiritual tension of its own.

Donald Grundling/Angela Ferrante

Lebanon

The 'Red Prince' dies by the sword

The explosion shattered the afternoon composure of downtown Beirut, reduced two cars to "muffled metal" and ended a weekend that stretched back seven years to the blood-soaked 1968 September in Munich. Although more people were killed in last week's blast, among them the real target—Ali Hassan Salameh, also



Ali Hassan Salameh and bomb blast scene at second covert meeting would continue



Ali Hassan, a 410 terrorist with a taste for cowboy-style mustache and beautiful women.

Ali Hassan, 36-year-old son of a prominent Palestinian family, was most infamous for leading the terrorist raid on the 1972 Olympics, when 11 Israeli athletes died. More recently he added to his reputation for ruthlessness as the head of the secret service of Al Fatah, the largest Arab faction. His "Special Operations" unit was built on the business of setting off bombs in the markets of Jerusalem and other Israeli cities, and in leading other terror strikes. "One of my dearest children," son leader Yasser Arafat called him at Hassan's funeral, which was conspicuously not attended by Miss Universe of 1972, Georgina Rink. Hassan's second wife, Arafat had disapproved of Hassan's personal dalliance with the green-eyed beauty and the link remained cool between them.

While the assassins have not been identified, the Israeli secret service, Mossad, found a trail of weapons which includes Lebanese Christian militia and rival Arab groups. Mossad and Hassan had played a deadly hide-and-seek—code-named "The Chase for the

Red Prince"—ever since Munich. Hassan never travelled without bodyguards and constantly changed dwellings, cars and drivers. Mossad put him at the top of their most-wanted-terrorist list and tracked him across Europe—or thought they did. Israeli agents shot a Moroccan look-alike in Norway in 1973, one of the few blemishes during a campaign of espionage in which the other 14 Munich terrorists were killed.

The echoes of the Beirut explosions reverberated around the world as U.S. envoy Alfred Atherton and Israeli officials were once again failing to overcome disputes in the proposed Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty—the most troubling being Egypt's wish for a stipulation that it could join other Arab states in a defensive war against Israel. And although shelling on the Israeli-Lebanese border—the worst since Israel invaded south Lebanon last March—was halted through a UN-arranged ceasefire, Israel and her customers were confronted with a renewal of last year's threat that frank and veritable experts in Europe might be poisoned by a group called Aza, believed to stand for Arab Revolutionary Army. Ali Hassan or so Ali Hassan. It seemed the covert-if not the overt—warrior would continue.

Michael Clapton

The U.S.

Rocky could not have died in bed

He was the man who "never wanted to be vice-president of anything" and for much of his life he was the boss. But the biggest job of all, the U.S. presidency, eluded him, and this week, as world leaders paid their respects to Richard A. Rockefeller, his countrymen were already being distracted by a new phenomenon—the arrival on the scene of Chinese Vice-Premier Teng Hsiao-ping in death, as in life. It seemed, but lack was cheating "Rocky" of top billing.

A staunch Republican, the gravely-voiced anti-influencer tried three times for the presidency. But he was always halted by party squabbles or swift changes in the national mood. No man ever crossed the White House sure and many contemporaries, even among the Democrats, thought no man better suited to the job indeed, in 1968, at the height of the Vietnam War, President Lyndon Johnson called Rocky to the

White House to tell him he was not running again and to beg him to stand. He was, said Johnson, the only man who could handle the national crisis. So Rocky threw his hat into the ring—only to be frustrated by the swing to the right which put in Richard Nixon.

For 13 years, Rockefeller was governor of New York State, a term that saw some of his best—and worst—moments. It was he who called in armed guards to the riot at Attica Prison. In the battle that followed, 49 people were killed.

Three years later he was appointed vice-president by Gerald Ford. But he only accepted because he knew it was his last chance at power and his lengthy confirmation hearings were marked by allegations of abuse of his vast wealth—he put the figure at \$179 million.

During his lifetime, Rockefeller, grandson of the legendary "Babbar Bar" John D., was divorced (seemingly), while campaigning for his second term as governor and remarried (in all, he had seven children).

When he died, aged 70, at 8:30 p.m. last Friday of a massive heart attack, he was at his desk working on a book "There was no way Rocky would ever die in bed," said a tearful supporter.

William Leuther

the Maurier Special Mild

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King Size and 100 ments

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It was a press agent's droves and although most institutions with a publicity bent would welcome a visit from movie stars such as **Genevieve Bujold**, **Christopher Plummer** or **Geoffrey Rush**, Toronto's Metro Central Library recently nixed a planned stint as being "too gimmicky." The idea was that one of the above-mentioned stars of *Murder by Desire*, a movie about Sherlock Holmes tracking Jack the Ripper, would show up in costume at the library's much-vaunted Arthur Conan Doyle Room. Since the movie publicity had borrowed some Sherlockiana from the library for the Toronto pressmen, they figured a guest appearance would return the favor. However, when Plummer, who plays Holmes in the film, agreed to appear he was told to take his deerstalker and smoke tracks. "This is nothing against Christopher Plummer," said head librarian **Margery Allen**. "But it seems to me that he could be interviewed in his hotel room quite adequately without disrupting our service."

Whether he was correcting **Pierre Trudeau's** evening lecture for the evening or moderating his podium for the flip-out-down, **Richard (Dick) O'Gages** has been at the prime minister's side for three years as communications adviser and architect of the now-dominant weekly press conferences. Last week, Trudeau answered that O'Gages, 38, has joined the last round for his many friends in the Ottawa press corps and will join the Bank of Montreal as a corporate image-maker. His hand-picked successor is a Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, entrepreneur and twice-elected Liberal candidate, **Arnie Patterson**. When asked by a colleague whether he had an argument at his new boss, O'Gages's parting words were "I have a hunch."

In a continuing effort to keep his little building at scientific specifications, **Las Majors**, TV's Six-Million-Dollar Man, was recently spotted jogging through the snowdrifts of Montreal during a break in the shooting of the movie *Agency*. Although Majors was obviously underdressed by the inebriated weather, his costars **Veronica Ferres** (*Superman*) and **Robert Mitchum** (*Firewalk*, *My Darling*) declined to join him on his daily constitutional. Ferres, who took to wearing long johns to cope with the cold, said that although the loved Mitchum, the "buddy" in screen and Mitchum took his only sport from on-setting visitors to the set. When intro-



Bujold returning the favor for Sherlock

duced to a friend of agency director **George Kucukander**—who just happened to be a film professor and movie critic—Mitchum snipped: "Does he also do windows?"



Majors, an incumbent, broke constitutional

With notebooks in their deerstalker gloves and pencils in their perches, a battalion of international press went a-buzzing royalty last week hoping to catch a glimpse of **Prince Charles** on a side excursion in Burlington. However, while the media scoured the resorts from St. Moritz to Zermatt, Charles purposely avoided the après-ski scene, spending the week instead at a four-bedroom chalet in the town of Klosters, the guest of old friends **Paul and Cherise Pausan-Tsangakou**. Although he went to practice his skiing, the prince hadn't packed for alpine and was only spared a trip to the local sporting goods store by his hostess, who did his shopping for him. However, after spending a few uncommitted days on the hills, Charles was finally recognized by a *Markov's* reporter while hanging in the Hotel Alpina. When informed how popular his brother **Prince Andrew** had been during his year's stay at an Ontario boarding school, Charles replied: "Well, I'm glad he behaved himself."

They met for the first time last week, although in a way Ottawa folk-singer **Bruce Cockburn** and Canada's



premier realist **Alex Colville** had been collaborators for years. The get-together was arranged to celebrate Cockburn's first gold album (50,000 copies), *Night Vision*, whose sales may or may not have been affected by the fact that Colville's haunting painting, *House and Trees* (1964), was used as the cover design. The Cockburn-Colville connection goes back to 1973, when the musician saw the artist's painting in a book he had received for Christmas. "It fit the context of the album perfectly," said Cockburn, "but I never thought we'd get it. I thought Alex might think it was a disavowal of his art." On the contrary. Although Colville had never heard Cockburn's work, he admitted: "I was glad to do it. I like to see my art get around."

Being praised from as "The Beatles" (a lead of the *Middle East*) in his latest book, *Iron Elements of Deceit*, Canadian photographer/author **Robert Beny** was not only politically misguided but financially imprudent. Commissioned by the *Empire State Press* and completed before Iran's troubles took to the streets, Beny's book is a tribute to the Pahlavi dynasty. However, with the Peacock Throne now in ruins, Beny's royalties are likely to follow suit since 21,000 of the 30,000 books printed were kept by the man who he sold to Iran. Understandably, a book glorifying the Shah isn't likely to be an instant best-seller and Beny isn't expecting any money. "The whole thing is alarming for me financially," said Beny. "After this book, I was planning three others in Iran, but now that's nothing but a dream."

After first doing dog food commercials and a short stint in *The Muscle Worker* when she was eight, **Lynne-Judy Johnson's** acting experience would fit comfortably on the head of a pin. Which makes it somewhat surprising that Johnson, 38, plays the lead role in her first movie, *For Charles*—but not all that surprising when the part called for an actress who could skate first and smoo second. A competitive skater in the U.S. since age 11, Johnson trained with Ice Capades before wearing the partogaine **Robbie Benson**. Yet, ironically, Johnson had more trouble being on skates than being on ice. "It took a lot of stamina," said Johnson, who was given a further three-movie contract by Columbia Pictures. "I was so tired we had to shoot the skating scenes in sweats. I'm constantly putting down my skating and as for the acting, God only knows."

Edited by Jane O'Hara

Johnson: superstardom on the head of a pin



Business

Wooping a grand old duchess

The elements were those of an old-style, drawing-room drama. Atlantic Canada interests vying again for a national play, a grand old European duchess finally ending her throne, Canada's only savings and loan firm shaking off its sleepy stance—and through it all, the hand of government moving like an interfering mother-in-law. The drama began played out this week as the \$150-million deal involving the 28-area 112-branch Montreal City and District Savings Bank take control of 37-branch Crédit Foncier Franco-Canadien. Combined assets total \$2.6 billion and bring assorted national stature for City and District President and Chief Executive Officer André Marcil who, at 68, played the deal through channels set by the Quebec government to help others out.

The soon opened Deal 3 when Central and Eastern Trust Co. (headquarters in Montreal, New Brunswick, and executive offices in Halifax, Nova Scotia) bid for 50 per cent of Crédit Foncier, a Quebec-based mortgage and loan company operating in six provinces. Established in 1982 as an alternative to Montreal's English-dominated banks, it was the

first French capital in Quebec since the conquest and became one of the grandest duchesses of Quebec. Its ownership re-

striking: Barbara (above) and City and District's Marcil—marriage fit the mood.



turned 75 per cent in the hands of French, British and Dutch shareholders. An owners of 50.2 per cent of Central and Eastern, Montreal investor Leonard Klein and Montreal lawyer Basile Cohen thought their \$130-a-share bid for Crédit Foncier was enough because investment bank Co. Financière de Paris et des Pays-Bas (Paribas) agreed to sell its 30 per cent.

Cohen and Klein didn't wait another minute after being named as buyers for a national organization. After beginning in 1970 to assemble Crest Trust Co. shares, reaching 36 per cent last year, the Cohen-Klein interests were awarded by Angus Corp. President Conrad Black's newly won control of Crest as he inherited the keys to John A. (Bert) McDonald's kingdom. Too, in 1973, Elias offered to buy 24 per cent of Montreal Trust from Power Corp.'s Paul Desmarais, but ended up selling his own chunk to Desmarais' Crédit Foncier, with its low cost loans funded largely by good, profitable industrial mortgages and substantial real-estate holdings, became the next target.

Cohen-Elias hadn't relied on the Quebec government. Tipped in advance

the offer was coming, Minister of Provincial Institutions, Luc Payette warned that she planned legislation to prevent the out-of-province purchase of any Quebec savings and loan or trust company with assets over \$500 million. It was a prediction that conveniently disappeared. Crédit Foncier's European ownership and Paris-held annual meeting, located one stockbroker, "Paris is part of Quebec, but Montreal isn't." It was time for a house brew before to appear, and on Dec. 18 City and District's Marcil wrote to Payette asking for authorization to buy Crédit Foncier. It was the beginning of an exchange of correspondence, obtained by *Maclean's*, between the two that culminated in a Jan. 30 meeting where Marcil secured two government officials that Crédit Foncier would remain under provincial jurisdiction. The Dec. 28 letter went up Payette's concern and his assurance.

"After this having the shares of Crédit Foncier held in majority outside Quebec... these shares will benefit to be held in majority or totally by an institution run by Quebecers and belonging essentially to Quebecers." While Marcil and Payette organized the deal, Central and Eastern backed off, left 124 because law and Paribas was at 30 per cent to City and District. Last week, as its share of Crédit Foncier reached 68 per cent, André Marcil could afford optimism. "A marriage between the two has been something that has been around for some time. The bid by Central and Eastern in the middle of this is a head." For Marcil, in the mood of Canada's first legal bank strike, there were few moments to savor victory. Settlement was reached with the 960 members of the Office and Professional Employees' Interventionists' Union after two weeks of picketing for the next month. "If we haven't put an interest in going national now, then we never will. This deal certainly opens the door."

It's a dear leading to fewer and larger financial institutions and there is already new take-over talk. City and District, Canada's only savings and loan firm in current issue debentures or give commercial loans, is 90-per-cent owned by six investors including the Montreal Bank of Canada, too, Trust Général du Canada is rich, having also disposed an offer with Crédit Foncier. All that, however, is for another day, as Crédit Foncier becomes a subsidiary of City and District. After 69 years, Crédit Foncier's Quebec rule hasn't abated, it's not changing owners. "The Canadian rule, and that's an improvement," says Crédit Foncier's Executive Vice-President and Co-General Manager Robert Gratton. "For us," he adds, "we consider that the page has been turned."

David Thomas, Rodrick McQueen

In the know but out of the action

When a Calgary company made a deal with a firm representing German investors, it was a classic good news, bad news development. The good news the Calgary company got its capital; the bad news the Germans would eventually take over Joanne Vert (rhyme with light, chairman of the Alberta Securities Commission, and she would approve only if everyone knew about the take-over, so the Calgarians hired experts for a media blitz. "We've published a work," recalls Vert. Many meetings later, her emotional submission on such deals was for the company involved to buy an advertisement saying details were available at the Alberta Stock Exchange in Calgary or the commission in Edmonton. It's a stance that has marked her two years as Canada's only female securities chief. "If people have no knowledge of the commission's existence," she says, "there's no use having a commission."

If Vert hasn't put made the securities commission a household word, she has



Commission Chairman Vert and her day-old baby boy: cleaning tables on orders

managed to raise its profile dramatically. In 76, Alberta's first attempt to pass a new securities law, was introduced at the last session of the legislature. The most controversial aspect, conferring insider status on almost everyone in a company, right down to the cleaning lady, has given her lots of exposure, if little agreement. Op-

The prisoner was a hearty breakfast

Germans filled with dairy, crafted new papers and grain can may not sound like the best way to fly, but for 500,000 live-in prisoners arriving from their native Nova Scotia in winter's last tables: a first class. And like any other tourist, heaving that ground of modern travel, all but after 30 hours the 10-walled travelers



need a little bed and breakfast before coming someone's dinner. She, she gently pulled in suburban beds in Europe and allowed the light of rest and relaxation for a couple of days that pull them back in the green of health, ready to be loaded.

Grandmaster Lobbard Ltd. a two-year-old Halifax N.S. firm partners the cruise, travel as soon as the five- to 10-ton beds are picked up from local dealers of a record \$4 per person. While the beds are loaded, the 10-walled travelers, the transportation chain keep the mobility rate in five per cent. But the system has been known to fail, and did at Christmas when 50 of the 30-odd cruises were missing in January. Grandmaster spent \$1,000 in frantic telephone calls trying them, only to discover that customers already had booked up and headed home. The station did nothing.

The extra care they receive is not so strong with a two-night labor worth \$150 worth property presented to a hotel chain in Europe. "We're not so outstanding and price, however," Grandmaster Vice President of Production Cole MacDonald claims his profit is being squeezed as big box products firms such as H.B. Nicholson & Sons Ltd. and National Sales Products Ltd. (which has better sales and only part of their total business) can afford to undercut his contracted prices. "You sometimes have to ask yourself," MacDonald muses, "are you're working 10 hours a day, six days a week. Even the so-called laborers have never worked him to a black eye in a week."

Ian Thompson

proven to be the bill defines special relationships too broadly as Yeti proposals to ban trading in the company's shares by employees with inside knowledge, roughnecks, rig supervisors, executives, secretaries, corporate lawyers, outside accountants.

Ottawa-born and raised, with degrees from the University of Ottawa and the London School of Economics, Yeti, 36, spent five years as senior deputy director and director of Fractions with the securities commission in the early 1980s. She was a solicitor with the attorney-general's department when hired to take over the securities commission. "That time was when the share to sell over what I'd sell I went back as a chairman," she says. What she did—promptly—was increase the budget by 82 per cent to \$1.1 million and the staff increased from 25 to 36 in order to keep up with the Alberta Stock Exchange's growth, which has now set a value record of \$55.6 million. Yeti has a faithful of staffers under way. "The staff hates to see me coming toward their offices," she says. "They say, 'Here's trouble, here's another project coming.'"
Meanwhile, more important personal projects were last week, an eight-paged two-volume baby book. The office staff, at least, has a three-week holiday. *Suzanne Thureau*



MP Gray (above) and Bill's Thauray, problems and a carnival of comic solutions.



For the love of their oranges

It started in 1949 when Israel was liberated, and OPEC's 1973 closing of the West brought it home. Then, two years ago, McGill University law professor Iveta Orrer and his Commission on Economic Cooperation and Discrimination made some startling revelations. Canadian Green corporations were turning to claims in contracts with Arab countries that prohibited business dealings with Israel or even, at times, with Canadian companies sympathetic to Israel. And Canadian banks were pushing through their vast machinery letters of credit on contracts that contained boycott clauses.

Two years of changed minds and nearly \$800 million in Canadian exports to the Arab League later, the facts remain. The federal department of industry, trade and commerce happily discovered and reports 26 to 49 contractual Arab boycott clauses every six months. Canadian anti-boycott legislation in the form of the 1981 C-59 in at least two months away. Anti-boycott laws passed last November in Ottawa as Premier William Davis Jones with Ottawa only one day away for the Jewish community—may be so constitutionally because they are inap-

licable. What began in 1949 in Cairo and resulted in tough anti-boycott laws in the U.S. last year, has turned into a moral puzzle for Canada and a carnival of contradictions elsewhere. The boycott "infringes upon Canada's economic sovereignty," says Canada-Israel Committee Associate National Director Howard Stussman, but allows Saudi Arabia to support 88 per cent of its oranges from Israel.

Trying to look inconsistent in the midst of the fracas is Bill Canada, which made boycott headlines last January when President James Thauray negotiated and signed a \$13-billion contract to modernize and maintain the Saudi telephone system. Part of the state's case in publicizing it: Bill Gray, who pushed the Canadian House

Rights Commission into charging Bill on charges of sexually discriminatory hiring practices, and into a renewed investigation of religious discrimination. Bill's contract, kept secret in Canada, contains two clauses at question. The first, available only through the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission, is thought to contain Bill's assurance, confirmed by the department of industry, trade and commerce, to the Saudis that it had not done business with Israel. The second, an umbrella clause—unacceptable under ITAC policy at the time and likely to cancel an insurance policy on the Bill contract written by the federal Export Development Corporation—has Bill agreeing to abide, together with [its] employees, by all regulations, traditions, customs and practices followed in the kingdom. "Because of the umbrella clause, Bill has discouraged applications by Israelis."

Bill officials insist they aren't discriminating, but Gray disagrees. "We've not opposed to increased trade with Arab countries. But we do not have to compromise our beliefs on human rights in order to get trade." Executive experience in leading Arab League work say that is exactly what is necessary. Bill did for its first Arab contract, the company's largest foreign deal ever.

For their part, ITAC bureaucrats admit they never saw the umbrella clause because neither they nor the Human Rights Commission saw Bill's complete contract. "A remarkable way of implementing the policy," says Gray.

While many Canadians who have traded successfully in Saudi Arabia say things are improving, ITAC insists a dozen contracts have fallen through in the last year because firms refused to comply with boycott provisions. Meanwhile, the Saudi Arabian embassy blasts British newspapers stating its desire "to plug all loopholes in the boycott." Many ITAC's loopholes on the other way. Says one veteran of Saudi Arabian deals, with just a touch of irony: "The clause 'All products to be made in Canada'—which is acceptable in the government— isn't a boycott clause. It's a positive statement. And while the Canada-Israel Committee has a 12 per cent increase in U.S. trade with the Arabs since the signing of U.S. legislation as proof that it isn't hard, the member is explained somewhat by the fact that U.S. subsidiaries in foreign countries are not subject to anti-boycott legislation. It is not an easy question, economically or morally. No matter it is good politics for the federal government and its pointing finger, the Human Rights Commission, to be seen to care. Says Commissioner Gordon Fairweather: "We are in the business of changing society's attitudes toward discrimination."

Sam Brown

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HT 78

Travel

A flood of strangers in a not-so-strange land

Proxima travel agent Pearl Lemoine remembers when luxury liners docked in Hong Kong harbor reserved to rubies among their passengers to decide who would get the handful of visas available to Peking. "People were praying for a visa as though they had 400,000 riding on it," she says. Now, even though visas to

resort, athletes and bureaucrats. Only shortages of hotel rooms, train passages, flights and English-speaking guides, he adds, are preventing a rush from turning into a stampede.

Alan Crotty, a Toronto spokesman for Thomas Cook Overseas Ltd., which refunded China tours last year, says almost all of Cook's 200 tour places for



China are more plentiful than ever before, demand still outstrips supply. North American tourists are this year asking entry into China in unprecedented numbers, their curricula perked with each headline describing the ever-changing kaleidoscope, both political and cultural, in the People's Republic. The normalisation of relations between Peking and Washington on Jan. 1 as well as China's recent moves toward "democratisation" have made the mysterious Middle Kingdom seem far less remote. And news photos of drum-dancing Chinese diplomats, women under antiquated handprints and Gao-Gao labels in Chinese have reinforced the impression that a new, Westernised cultural revolution is under way.

Last year some 1,000 Canadians were among 180,000 tourists worldwide who took a peek behind the Bamboo Curtain, according to figures from the Chinese embassy in Ottawa. Airlines and travel agencies negotiate individually with Peking for visas and exact tariffs are unavailable, but CP Air Vacation Sales Manager Clare Ash estimates 75 per cent more, or 1,500 Canadian tourists, will visit China in 1979—enlarging government-arranged exchanges of bus-

Chinese women under dress: in foreign tourists, a 'We come' revolution is under way

1978 were sold, before the company's glossy brochure even came off the press. Peking last granted permission for 600, but chopped the total in half last December due to "overbookings." Says Crotty: "The Chinese want to run before they can walk." CP Air will be granted visas for 1,000 Canadian tourists for the first time this year. Its San Francisco office obtained permits for 1,000 last year but has been cut back to 600 for 1979 CP subsidiary, Blue Bird, which is negotiating sales, has already sold "about half" of its 20 group tours, which begin in Feb. 18, according to its program co-ordinator for China, Barbara Shannon. Travelling in groups of 50, with one CP and one Chinese guide, visitors will spend 12 nights in China and several more (depending on the package deal) in both Tokyo and Hong Kong. Prices range from \$2,750 to \$3,550 per person.

While well-known attractions such as the Great Wall and Peking's Forbidden City are almost invariably included, itineraries vary as the Chinese try to tailor tours to group interests. Some feature trips to archaeological digs, archi-



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cultural operations or out-of-the-way measures.

Before 1978, only Western special-interest groups, such as businessmen or farmers, were allowed in—and visas took up to two years to obtain, compared to 45 days now. But, says Shummen, not one visa application by CP has been refused, although the Chinese remain "fussy" about letting in journalists and refuse the Taiwanese altogether.

The rush in the U.S., according to travel industry spokesmen, is even more pronounced. The tour department of Pan American World Airways received 5,000 reservations this year—double last year's total. "Phones in sales offices ring off the hook," each time a news story appears about China, says airline spokesman Bruce Hainshaw, and Pan Am could easily sell twice as many seats. Pan Am's subsidiary, Inter-Continental Hotels Corp., recently signed an agreement, in partnership with Peking, to build 5,000 hotel rooms in China by 1981. And several other hotel chains are reportedly negotiating for similar deals.

The U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board has already received applications from Pan



Great Wall on tour paraded, China goes with Cobs: Thousands in lineup for an exotic destination

Am and three other airlines to fly direct to Peking, if both governments hammer out a bilateral agreement. Unfortunately for CP, Ottawa's diplomatic recognition of China in 1970 hasn't enabled the company to get a head start on the tourism action. In 1974, one year after governmental agreement was reached to establish direct flights between Vancouver and Peking, the Chinese insisted on permission to pick up and drop off passengers in Japan. But the Canadian government did not resume negotiations on the advice of CP who felt the Chinese demand was economically unfeasible. Now, according to CP Vice-President of Public Affairs H.D. Cameron, the Chinese have agreed to resume talks and also to discuss a hotel venture.

China fever rages even among seasoned travelers like Dorothy Friedlander of Toronto, who annually avoids the 25-day Tuesday-to-Monday Be-Peking type of tour. A teacher who has visited dozens of countries on four continents, she explains that "China remains the most exotic and mysterious" of destinations. On an Pearl Lamcock says it "When something has been denied to her for so long, you want it more than anything."

Diane Francis

You've wasted enough vacations.



1974



1975



1976



1977



1978

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the world's largest democracy.

There are no words to describe it. There is only a warm, India.

Here, are individual fragrance shops that transform your points, desires and needs into perfumes, in front of your nose.

Here, runs the scarlet ache of Victoria and her flagships. Here, runs the birthplace of Buddha. And the melody of



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Barbara

Despair that breeds despair

By Brenda Rabkin

The poster shows a teen-age girl staring dreamily out the window. She is unaccountably pregnant. The caption reads: "What are you doing Saturday night? When you become a parent you make a date for twenty years, 1,600 teenagers become pregnant in Canada this week." The poster is part of the attempt by Planned Parenthood of Canada to warn teen-agers of the realities of pregnancy and to encourage them to prevent it. But though the message has been conveyed through a misleading picture and explicit language, it will have little impact on the teen-age girls for whom it is intended. The fact is that girls in their teens are on their way to contributing to a new kind of baby boom.

In 1968 there were 6,800 babies born out of wedlock in Canada to girls 15 to 19 years of age. By 1967 the number, born under those circumstances had increased to 11,776, and by 1978 the figure may have exceeded 20,000. For the same time period, the over-all birthrate in Canada declined by almost 40 per cent. The consequences of this teen-age mother phenomenon are already being

strongly felt, largely because most of the mothers are opting to keep their babies. Girls in this age group are least prepared emotionally and financially to raise infants on their own and there are very few social institutions available to help them. But they will have the legal right to make the decision. When they do, the results are frequently calamitous, not only for the young mothers, but more tragically, for the babies.

"The biggest problem with teen-age mothers is that many decide to keep their babies and hang onto them till they can't manage anymore," says Betty A. Schwartz, executive director of the Children's Aid Society in Winnipeg and an outspoken critic of what she views with alarm as the lack of social responsibility toward these girls. "Then they bring their children to us and ask for adoption, but by that time the damage has been done. So many of these kids have been neglected, or abused, from the very beginning." Adoption figures across Canada substantiate Schwartz's point of view. In 1970, Children's Aid Society of Metropolitan Toronto placed 878 infants under the age of one year and 130 toddlers (ages 1 to 4).

In 1977 there were only 80 infants available, while three were 16 toddlers. Figures for Vancouver reveal a more desperate picture. The majority of human resources reported that 165 infants and 74 others from one to 18 years of age were adopted in 1978. In 1977 only 492 infants were adopted, but the number of one- to four-year-olds numbered 107. "It's the girl who is most deprived and least able to look after a child who will dig in her heels the hardest and try to keep it," says Joe Mihalichyuk, former supervisor of the Unmarried Mothers Unit of Winnipeg Children's Aid. "They hope the baby will fill that gap in their lives."

If a girl tries to raise her baby with the help of her family, the chances for her and her baby making it are considerably higher than if she decides to go it alone. If the girl does not live with her family, she can qualify for welfare and mother's allowance as long as she is of minority age. Depending on the province, that's 18 or 19. If the mother is too young to qualify, both she and the infant can be made wards of the state and placed in foster care. Neither option has

Schwartz, poster pointing to the realities of teen-age pregnancy: girls wanting ignored

only 80 infants available, while three were 16 toddlers. Figures for Vancouver reveal a more desperate picture. The majority of human resources reported that 165 infants and 74 others from one to 18 years of age were adopted in 1978. In 1977 only 492 infants were adopted, but the number of one- to four-year-olds numbered 107. "It's the girl who is most deprived and least able to look after a child who will dig in her heels the hardest and try to keep it," says Joe Mihalichyuk, former supervisor of the Unmarried Mothers Unit of Winnipeg Children's Aid. "They hope the baby will fill that gap in their lives."

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to be very effective. There are currently no non-surgical programs in Canada that interrupt the young mother in early stages of pregnancy in hopes that she gets good self-control, or that teach her parenting skills or supervise her closely after the baby is born. "To me the most frightening aspect is that a 14-year-old girl will be allowed to make a decision on her own about whether or not she should have a baby," says Heather Cherniack, a social worker at Villa Rosa, a home for unwed mothers in Winnipeg. "She can't sign a lease or any contract. She can't vote, she can't get a credit card. She can't even get married. But she can make a decision to keep her baby. I just don't think that a girl of that age is equipped to make that kind of choice."

For many an adolescent girl, the decision to become a parent is based on her own needs and not those of the child. When she discovers that her needs are not being met, but rather that the child is making constant demands upon her—demands that she cannot possibly meet because she hasn't the intellectual, emotional or financial resources—the problem begins to become visible in the community. It is at this time that the infants themselves can become the victims of abuse and neglect. A study in abuse by the American Humane Society found that while unwed mothers make up one-sixth of the households in the United States, they account for 50 per cent of reported abuse and neglect cases. The young mothers represented the most serious threat to children, including the most violent acts of abuse. And in Ontario, a coroner's jury on Nov. 30, 1977, recommended that all children born in Ontario to mothers under 18 be listed in a provincial directory of potential child abuse.

"We are a significant number of very young children of adolescent mothers who have serious health problems," says Dr. Sally Longstaffe, a pediatrician at the Children's Centre in Winnipeg. "Many haven't moved on to the next stage because they haven't received the warmth and intellectual stimulation that's so important in the first few months." Causes of malnutrition among these infants are not uncommon. Many of them are obese and anemic because they are fed largely carbohydrate diets during the development period. John Hopkins University in Baltimore assessed the development of 325 children born to girls who were 16 years or less. They found that at age 4, 11 per cent of the children scored 70 or below on 19 tests compared with only 24 per cent of the general population of four-year-olds. The study also found that these

children had more behavior problems and higher rates of failure in school.

Although there have been no studies done on the subject in Canada, Children's Aid and other adoption officials across the country estimate that 20 per cent of teen-age mothers who opt to keep their babies will give them up for adoption either voluntarily or through court order within two years. "It's the other 80 per cent who stay home," says Joe Minkishkyphya. "They'll keep Chil-

dren. Anne gave birth to a third child. This time Children's Aid apprehended the newborn infant while it was still in the hospital nursery and sought a permanent foster for both children. Anne never appeared in court and the judge had no choice but to award the children to Children's Aid. But almost two years had gone by from the time Children's Aid had first instituted proceedings to take the children away.

The outcome of a case can also often be influenced by the personal bias of the judge. Says Judge R.H. Harris, a family court judge of the Maxwellville bench: "I don't think Children's Aid has a right to interfere unless the girl asks for it. We have to give the girl a reasonable opportunity to prove that she can be a good parent. We're not talking about child abuse here. Parents are entitled to their children and children to their parents. A permanent order is like an execution—there's no looking back." But a colleague, Family Court Judge K.C. Kinnaird, said in a recent judgment: "Courts must begin to realize that some parents will never be good parents and should never have become parents, and some children should not be held in abeyance pending our final realization of the lack of capability of the parents." Courts must realize that if you are setting the best interest of the child and earlier intervention by the state should be the rule, not the exception.

Such state intervention might save the children, but would certainly alter the country's social patterns. Who, for instance, would assume the responsibility for these children? Furthermore, it appears that those least capable of parenting are rushing to fill that role, while those most qualified are refusing or delaying. In 1976 the National Organization of Non-Parents reported: "In 1970, 21 per cent of all 25- to 29-year-old women over married were child-free, compared to 15 per cent in 1970, and 11 per cent in 1965. This increasing trend toward delaying childbearing means that more and more women are childless at 30 years of age."

"I see a future where there will be a strong polarization between the haves and the have-nots," says Betty Schwartz. "On the one hand we are raising a greatly advantaged group of children who are smarter, healthier and sturdier than ever before. And then there are those who are never going to have anything. I fear they may be headed on a collision course. If adults are going to give over to children the responsibility for bearing and rearing children, we're going to have to make very different arrangements." □



Mon-babe and Carver's: "Un-equipped"

den's Aid in business. We'll see them in Family Services, in juvenile court, and back again in the Unwedded Mothers Club. And we'll see them in prison."

One major method of estricating these children from their abusive predicament is through legal intervention. If neglect is the part of the parent can be proven, the child can be made a ward of the Crown or a Children's Aid Society. But the wheels of the law turn slowly. Anne was 17 years old when she had her first baby out of wedlock. Seven months later he died. An autopsy revealed fractures of the skull and both legs. She claimed that she was holding him in her arms while riding in a car that the car was hit from behind, and she dropped him. Her second child was born several months later. When he was 30 months old, neighbors complained to Children's Aid because he was constantly crying. The worker found a poorly developed, badly cared-for child. A hospital examination revealed a broken skull, a broken clavicle, as well as significant growth retardation. Children's Aid went to court on the child's behalf and won a permanent order. He was placed in foster care. But Anne repeated the decision and won. In the

Education

The smooth talk that overcomes a handicap

Trying to speak in front of 100 classmates in law school was a classic pressure situation for me," says Lloyd Sargenson, 30, a Toronto lawyer. "I'd spend more time worrying about how much I'd stutter than about what I was going to say."

For some 300,000 Canadians who stutter this is not an uncommon predicament. Nor was the feeling unknown to Moses, Demosthenes, Charles Darwin or Winston Churchill. They too suffered from this mysterious and stubborn affliction.

In the past, stuttering has been seen as impossible to "cure" and consequently sought to be cured. Lloyd Sargenson has been fortunate to live in a different era. With the help of a newly developed "fluency shaping program" at the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry in Toronto, he is one of more than 250 students learning their way out of their problem. In the process, they become their own therapists. Now, a year after the intensive three-week course, Sargenson speaks not only more smoothly, but more often. "There are very few pressure situations left," he says.

The Clarke's three-year-old speech program shows the new direction speech therapy is taking. "More and more therapists are moving toward behavioral techniques," says Dr. Robert Knoll, head of speech pathology at the Clarke. "This is

not the classic behaviouralism of conditioning and stimulus response. It's more a question of teaching and learning." Dr. Knoll explains that in the introversionists who find the root cause was all the rage. When that didn't make much sense, a large number of "well-adjusted" stutterers, says Dr. Knoll, therapists began to look to more concrete techniques. The new approach shows so much promise—the institute claims 75 per cent of its patients are well on the road to fluency—that Knoll and a colleague are developing a speech-analysis kit. The kit will prepare clinicians and stutterers for all forms of behavioral therapy "by showing them what the stutter consists of when broken down into bits and pieces."

The Clarke course is based on a model assembled over the past decade by Dr. Donald Webster in Roanoke, Virginia. By defusing stuttering as a learned behavior, it virtually ignores the quagmire of psychological analysis on which traditional therapies depend. Instead it uses videotapes, stopwatches, an electronic voice monitor and hours of repetitive practice. Students release how to make sounds, watch how a child learns to speak. Speech is deliberately slowed

down until every syllable is held for two full seconds. Monomorphemic utterances are reinforced. Knoll explains that some speech requires careful control of breathing, vocal folds, the vibrating vocal chords produce sounds in the throat; lips and tongue, slowed speech lets students feel and understand how sounds are made. It also lets them tackle one element at a time and produces a surprising side effect—almost all stutterers are immediately fluent. As the course progresses, so gradually does the speed of speech increase. Normal speech, however, might in some cases not be reached until the third or fourth week.

A key to opening the stutterer's black box is Webster's discovery that practically all stutterers start their vocal fold vibrations much too abruptly. This means they are too tight and block the air flow. Later the same monitor, a little black computer, gives the student a very first sound made. If it's good enough, a green light flashes on. Abrupt or forced sounds won't trigger the light. By the third day students are spending five or six hours a day with the voice monitor, initially repeating words, monosyllables and finally words and sentences.

"The work with the monitor was the most frustrating part of the course," says Sargenson. "But fluency is impossible without it."

Since stutterers are notorious for their inability to transfer clinical fluency onto the street, real life practice takes up a third of the course. It's in public, after all, that stutterers feel their handicap so acutely. "Like me, I'm best with kids and dogs," says Jim Pross, former president of the Toronto Council of Adult Stutterers, "but I'm convinced it's largely a problem of confidence."

Pross, 36, has had many of the same speech treatments after the war, demonstrating therapists to show the best of stuttering and most recently the Clarke program. His biggest problem has been retaining the smooth speech that came so easily during a three-week program. "I was filled into a false sense of fluency," he says.

"Relapses are a permanent problem and can be avoided only through continued application of the correct speaking techniques," says Knoll. "There is no magic, you have to do it all yourself."

For former stutterers like Lloyd Sargenson the extra effort is a small price to pay. "Even when I was stuttering I was always concentrating and worrying about my speech," he says. "Now at least the concentration is constructive. I've got the fluency I want 95 per cent of the time."

Werner Barisch



Dr. Robert Knoll

Defending the flow of riverside life



It is a winter of discontent for the U.S. St. Lawrence Seaway Development Corporation. Along with the Army Corps of Engineers and a host of government and private industry agencies it planned to complete tests on keeping the seaway open through the winter. But they didn't count on a small group of angry New Yorkers and Canadians who saw the seaway as a threat to the state, towns and future of the beautiful Thousand Islands region.

The Save the River Committee got together only last summer to attack a project authorized by the U.S. Congress in 1970. That project—the sedulously named Great Lakes St. Lawrence Seaway Navigation Season Extension Demonstration Program—has been responsible for keeping shipping lanes open on the Upper Great Lakes for three of the last four winters. The New Yorkers from Alexandria Bay—just across the river from Ontario's Glenside—became concerned, however, when they heard that testing on their part of the seaway, from the eastern end of Lake Ontario to Montreal, might endanger the area.

While the proposed tests would involve only 10 miles of the St. Lawrence, the Save the River group is more concerned with the long-range prospects of winter navigation. They charge that fish, birds and other wildlife—including the Bald Eagle—will lose critical

feeding grounds because of riverbank erosion as a result of additional river dredging to keep the channels open. They also fear that the ice sheet, now kept viable by a simple system of floating timber anchored to the bottom, will become unmanageable and treacherous if allowed to move more freely. And they say that the wake created under the ice by ships will erode the shoreline, destroying docks and boathouses. If the natural beauty of the area is damaged, the committee maintains it will bring economic ruin to the already poor upstate river communities where tourism is the major industry.

The local branch of the Army Corps of Engineers must issue a permit before any testing can begin. But the New York state department of environmental conservation's research confirms the stance of the Save the River people and pressure from the state may squish any hope of a permit.

Richard Spencer of the Save the River Committee says the "chances are very good" that the permit will be denied. "Now that we have the state behind us, the opposition is more isolated."

The seaway corporation is distressed that opposition has sprung up just as their project nears completion. The corporation's special assistant to the administrator, Dennis Desautel, told Maclean's "They're trying to head us off at the pass when nearly \$10 million has

Mylin: Thousand Islands scene, freighter passing through ice at Montreal's throat to the area's river, farms and future?

been spent over the last eight years to get that thing going. Our winter navigation program on the Upper Great Lakes has been successful three of the last four years and we've met no opposition there."

Unfortunately for the Seaway Development Corporation, the Save the River Committee is just one of three in their state. Their Canadian counterpart, the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority, has conducted its own studies on the economic prospects of winter navigation. According to the Authority's senior advisor to the president, Allen (Rudi) Loon, "These results have been on the negative side." Given the high cost of actually opening the seaway for year-round navigation—estimated between \$600 million and \$1.2 billion—it is highly unlikely that Ottawa will participate if there is little to be gained. The history of the seaway's development, with Canada paying most of the bills while the U.S. shared the profits, has left something of a sour taste in Ottawa. On the construction of the Montreal-Lake Ontario section alone, Canada spent \$380 million compared to \$123 million by the U.S.

The winter navigation program may also get a chilly reception from the new U.S. Congress which must approve more money if the tests proceed next year. Current funding runs out in September and popular opposition may thwart any new appropriations.

Despite his assertions that the seaway corporation has taken every precaution against damage to the river, even Desautel sounds uncertain about the project's future. "We do maintain optimism that we'll get our permit," he says. "But the Save the River Committee wants to delay our long-range plans. They've stopped our tests this year. We really need another winter."

Catherine Fox

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Baker's wife had copies of both Vancouver's daily newspapers. Two massive Kuangwaki Akjawaas have joined the growing circle who will encourage Baker only with the faint promise that he is very young and should work very hard.

Despite little categorization, however, Baker has had enormous exposure. When most Canadian composers, with the exception of notables such as Henry Slesinger and Murray Scheraga, are unknown outside (and often even inside) Canada, Baker's work has been performed in the U.S., the Great Britain and the North Pacific. World-class artists and groups who have chosen to perform his music include English pianist John Ogden, American flautist Bernard Goldberg, the Maestros de Camera Praga from Czechoslovakia, the Canadian Arts Trio and French guitarists Alexile and Henri Dorgny. The 1987 broadcast of an evening program of Baker's music, prompted by musicians who enjoyed playing his lyrical compositions. His *Sonatas for Flute and Piano* was performed at Carnegie Hall, where once a thrilled seven-year-old Michael Baker heard his first symphony concert.

The positive reception Baker often receives signifies and irritates many composers, none of them considered superior to Baker in talent and development and whose works get a considerably colder world shoulder than his. Baker's success to an almost legendary position, a skill as vital for composers as a basic understanding of computers. The likely reason for Baker's success, however, is not hostile but territory.

Born in West Palm Beach, Florida, in 1942, the son of a middle-class entertainer Phil Baker, he learned many of life's lessons early. An child, he started all over North America, he was forever the wanderer, the perennial new kid, attending 13 schools in 12 years. He learned the value of success by witnessing his father's final disappointment at the twilight of his musical years. As a music student, he suffered from his teachers' and colleagues' inability to appreciate the musical idiom in which he chooses to write. Over the years, he learned to dismiss the criticism as unfounded or ignorant.

He picked up as his major musical influence, Johann Sebastian Bach, a composer widely regarded in his own time to be unconventional and conservative. Now, as he searches hours of composing (usually making a living at it) between deep feelings of desolation, early lessons are not lost on Baker. "The minute I start writing for people who say I should be more profound," he says, intensely, "I'm finished as a composer."

Linda Hilde

Television

The undisputed Ruling Lip

Last April, Jack Webster was the rumpiled 1940s Johnnie of Vancouver's *Front Page* media world, a lipgrip, a man who could bring down a government by ridiculing the other side.

At 60, he had battled through 16 years as an open-line radio host to emerge as



Webster's headline in the video era.

Vancouver's undisputed Ruling Lip, commanding a reported \$100,000 a year and a vast following throughout the province. He was able to win citizens' reactions and pointers while maintaining the respect of both his little-known listeners and his peers. But it wasn't enough. "After 16 years, I was losing my enthusiasm and my courage," he says. As his contract with radio station CBN expired last June, retirement in a 374-acre farm on Salt Spring Island off the B.C. coast beckoned. Then Webster shocked almost everyone by risking his closet to accept the nine-year deal for local TV station BCN and start a morning public affairs show called, cheekily, *Webster*.

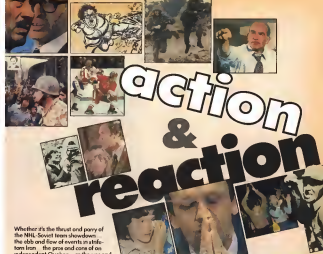
Today on the wall above the telecine and phidometer set in a well-lit library of Webster's face, quibbling is the ideal medium to capture the quibblers and censors of the most known, variously, as the *Quibbler* and B.C.'s *One True Folk Hero*. Since Oct. 1, the face has

become even more well-known, tiffing the coffee cups of an astonishing 97,000 viewers at nine o'clock each morning. Webster likes to call the 90-minute *Scratch* hour of phone-in, bombast, taped street "walkabouts" and interviews, "a newspaper on television," but it is more a combination courtroom and saloon. Guests such as Pierre Trudeau, Shirley MacLaine, Bill Bennett, multi-hashed senators and cabinet ministers are alternately scorched by Webster's red-hot indignation at the adoption of common sense or manipulated with a well-oiled ramble here with if their parody is carried off with style.

The result is that Webster has become one of the livebest, fastest-paced news shows on at any time of the day. And Webster, reports BCN program vice-president Bill Elliott, "is back in puberty." The last go-round with puberty saw him operating at much the same pace. Born Glasgowian and gritty, John Edgar Webster left school at 16 to be a copy boy at the Glasgow Evening News, moving to Fleet Street and a frantic apprenticeship filing local crime-of-passion copy at four paces a line to *The News of the World*. Moving to Vancouver in 1942, he worked on local newspapers till 1952 when he jumped to radio with the famous *City Mike* series—followed by 16 years of scolding KJ as the gruff granddaddy of Vancouver opinion.

Because for his new show's appeal include a young and lively sex-person crew ("Working with Webster," says 20-year-old producer Suzanne Rogers, "is like being a young boy and sparring five rounds with Ali"), and a great mix of dramatic on-air confrontations and editorial comment delivered with the fire rage of the common man. The surprising use of his audience has led to the remarkable quibbles about his words when his two-year contract expires. To the constant criticism of Westerners, bigger revolvers across Eastern.

After delivery of a de rigueur slap of disgust at "the information gap we get from the West," Webster allows that he might look at a national bookie if it were offered—but only if it came from B.C. He is too old and too content with his farm, his "lambie boy" John Deere bulldozer, his celebrity, his crosser, and his BCN-suggested car and driver. "Bridges," he says, the great pressure. "I'm a bridge like a Crown Royal sack full of marbles." It isn't hard to walk five times a day with a lead reporter and picture snapper [at dead relations from marital survivors] in the streets of Glasgow. Thomas Hopkins



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52112

Tennis suffers another brat

What has gone up 120 points and earned over \$500,000 in the last six months? Not the five-Johns redemptive ball. 19-year-old tennis whiz John McEnroe, who has risen from 132 to No. 4 in the men's rankings since turning professional last June. His most recent victory, over Arthur Ashe in Madison Square Garden's Grand Prix Masters, won the slick singles title of his short, hot career.

For his win over Ashe, McEnroe earned the biggest individual prize in tennis—\$100,000. With partner Peter Fleming, he also took the Grand Prix Doubles crown, netting \$150,000 for one week's work. Add that to the \$40,000 he won at the World Doubles championship in early January in London, and the \$126,000 for bonus points accumulated during the yearlong Grand Prix competition, and McEnroe's earnings in the first half of January averaged a stupendous \$18,306 a day.

To some observers McEnroe's megabucks are symptomatic not of the strength of professional tennis but of its problems. The top-ranked players now earn so much that they have lost their incentive to stop through the long tournament schedule that used to be the professionals' bread and butter. The top five pros—Jimmy Connors, Bjorn Borg, Vitas Gerulaitis, Guillermo Vilas and McEnroe—don't even belong to the Association of Tennis Professionals, the players' group that has been instrumental in obtaining vital corporate sponsorship and big prize money for the game. And now they are threatening to play even fewer tournaments next year.

At the Grand Prix Masters, Borg and Vilas didn't show up for the night-one round robin even though they had qualified. Connors, who did play, was audaciously out of shape that he developed a blister while losing to McEnroe and defaulted the match. "I don't care how I win from Connors. I'll take it," said a jubilant McEnroe. "I've played with him billions myself but I hate to defeat! I always figure maybe the other guy will break a leg in the next game."

That's just the kind of cockiness that has earned McEnroe his reputation as the fastest lip on the court. At his Wimbledon debut two years ago, where he became the youngest player ever to

reach the semi-finals, McEnroe achieved double immortality by telling a stunned spectator to "Get the hell out!" And there's the now legendary time McEnroe sang at a night club (he hotly denies the charge). "I sat in front of her I never got laid," he explains.

Young though he is, McEnroe has a veteran's arsenal of tennis weapons, including a big spinning serve, devastatingly accurate angle shots and an uncanny sense of anticipation that makes him seem to be all over the court at once. Says Arthur Ashe, "Right now, McEnroe is the best player in the world."

Yet John McEnroe doesn't lack the part. His early browns have deep etchings beneath his forehead. He seeks don't stay up and he wears his spiky Julian tennis clothes with the pained expression of a child dressed for a birthday party. He grumbles, sulks and argues.

At the Grand Prix Masters, he gave a running commentary on his own play. McEnroe may be more sophisticated after six months of international travel, or it may be that he has found a whole new set of targets to pop off about. Now, it seems, he's taking in the secret capital of Europe. Anyone for Paris? "It would be a nice place if you took all the people out of the city." London? "I would go sightseeing but I don't think there's much to see in this place."

Relaxing after a match in sweat-soaked pants, a T-shirt emblazoned with "McEnroe Tennis" in disco glitter, the obnoxious gold chain around his neck,



McEnroe splitting and curling to the back

McEnroe maintains he is finally trying to get the same stiff grip on his lip that he has on his racket. "Shh, I don't even want to talk about cockiness," he whispers with an awkward grin. "I am really trying to live that down now, believe me. I'm trying to make all that a part of my past." But only language tells a different story. As he waves, McEnroe struts the special swagger that lets everyone know that it isn't these days, he's truly the cock of the walk.

Rita Christopfer

Films

Who knows what evil lurks in dark suburbs?

HOLLOWMEN

Directed by John Carpenter

John Carpenter knows—and does he knows—that if you place one character in darkness and have another lurking there with malevolent intent, you have the skeleton of a horror movie. Hide a figure respectfully into the frame here, tuck up some foliage there, charge the atmosphere with a few drops of rain, and in *Hollowmen*, Carpenter is like Robert Walker in Hitchcock's *Shadow of a Doubt*, and the audience the sick daughter on the street. He approaches quietly, says "Maden, may I borrow your neck?" and slowly starts squeezing.

Hollowmen opens on the title date in Haddonfield, Illinois, 1963. A little boy in a clown's costume, clutching Anthony Perkins' knife from *Psycho*, walks up to his sister's bedroom and stabs her. Switch to present time, same era. The murderer, escaped from an institution, returns to the scene, his eyes on three girls (Laurie Lough, Nancy Lenehan, P.J. Soles). While parents are partying, *Hollowmen* becomes a halcyon's bloodbath—the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* moved to the suburbs. Blood, the camera is the killer's eye (Carpenter did the unsung script for *Eyes of Laura Mars* and the recent TV movie, *Remember Me, Watching Me*) and it glides in long, smooth takes around houses and people. The killer is also a mouth-breather, his stardust-laced advanced vapors. Parents struts the images, figures their net shot in mid-scenes, the movie has a drained, eerie look.

There's too much issue to the movie and the parents don't always match the killings. An exercise in style (with regular nods to Hitchcock, *Reanimator*, De Palma and even Val Lewton), *Hollowmen* keeps holding still, and after horror conventions, there are no surprises to logic or motivation. The preposterous end up so comically overblown as John Carpenter's detour into motherhood at the *End of the F****. And, just in case there's any doubt as to the intended silliness, there's Donald Pleasence as the maniac's doctor. Carpenter leaves *John Galt*er's Majesty to his own devices and Pleasence's eyes are in the screen. Pleasant acquiesces

to his role, waiting for the killer outside an old house, fragrant with rose buds.

Carpenter could have made an extended version of the *Psycho*-style *Hollowmen* sequence with Margaret O'Brien as Tootie in *Meet Me In St. Louis*. In fact, the most inspired moments come



Donald Pleasence: the Shadow knows

from the kids, eyes glued to Howard Hawk's *The Thing* on TV, speaking the words out of each other. The senselessness of the killings might be intended as a reflection of the times, or else a merry addition. But it's a slightly silly horror movie—a new brand of loopy late.

LARRY NEVILL

Get out your handkerchiefs

BREAD AND CHOCOLATE
Directed by Franco Brusati

[N]o one can't win. Give this poor Italian engaged a job as a waiter in a posh Swiss hotel and the author will collar him for income exposure—going is a public park. *Bread* has hair and moisture—the better to blend in with a horron fall of Swiss national—and he'll betray himself by nodding for Italy in a televised scene. Give him a ticket back home as a

regime from all this misery and he'll jump off the train and walk back toward Switzerland. After all, where else could Nino keep losing so often? And with such style!

Director Brusati, who uses Nino's hair, rather than his in a crucial key to the Italian character, has built his masterful tale out of a series of shots, each a reel or two long, in the silent-cinema tradition. From this angle, *Bread* and *Chocolate* looks like a comedy of errors. Nino's visit to the film of Charlie Chaplin, like the Little Tramp, Nino is a displaced person, an idiotic dreamer ready to die the real world who wants only to find a job, meet a nice girl and keep out his dignity and independence. Nino Manfredi, with his aristocratic nose and enormous pointy back, works hard to evoke the pathos Charlie evoked with the meek, most eloquent thing. If Manfredi fails at this task, it's not to his shame, but to Chaplin's eternal glory. On his flawed terms, *Bread* and *Chocolate* provides a gently, somewhat remote of hours at the movies—no mean accomplishment these days.

Still, there's something painful about his ragged North American reception. The film has been piling up profits in Manhattan since last July. And, at a time when America's most sensitive films are increasingly "European" in style and pacing, two American critics groups gave their best-film awards to a French screwball comedy (*Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*) and an Italian epic in sentimental sleazebag. Perhaps bread and circus have become too inflationary and people are settling for bread and chocolate.

Richard Corbo

Brief Encounters

The Deer Hunter (Dereck): Thoughtful, deeply felt tale of a group of war and return from it. So focused and so magnificent there's nothing quite like it on movie screens right now.

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (The Office of the Mayor): The first in the series, which is the position of San Francisco. Philip Kaufman's remake of the 1955 classic takes place in a classic stop city with great wit.

Movie Menu: Two proteins of 30s morsels—a light story and a musical—done with depth, style and affection.

Waterproof Dogs: Animated version of Richard Adams' *Bunny* allegory (its bleak, decaying period in detail).

'What do ladies from Westwell do at night in the fleshpots of Obergurgle?'

By Alan Fotheringham

On Talpa, the headlines screamed: **SHOCKING NEWS FROM THE NEW DELHI**, the news warned of ENGLAND'S CLOSE TO COLLAPSE. In Jerusalem, it was **BRITAIN PARALYSED** in Westwell, in Kent, where the sheep dot the landscape like commas, the air is fragrant but paralyzing calm. Not all Britons are composed of lust. Peter Sellers' imitations of thick-headed dumb farmmen (if the National Union of Public Employees instructs its members in southern England not to strike—as a strike weapon—either the sheep or the lamphorn of Kent, could limit beneath their ballpoint-globe towels, blink in their British phlegm. The inertia of the country is its swelling grief.

In Westwell, a village of 800-year-old brick houses where the floors tilt and the boats cannot stop, there is no discussion at 11 o'clock Saturday morning in *The Wheel* about the fact that literary attendants are on strike and ambulance drivers have announced that if some people are to die, it may be necessary. *The Wheel* is the Westwell's pub. It might

hold 50 beach if packed in by those too keen to enjoy the conversation instead of on the new year. "Can he take his whisky?" is the operative query. Prevention could in Westwell.

The village is near Ashford—a lucky village of motorways and the pale British attempt at the supermarket—and a nice drive from the holy city of Canterbury. It is an hour by train from isolated, unwell London. London is the aberration. Kent is the bone-rock reality. Kent is far enough away to escape the virus of a signal that rages on its own tracks.

There is in the landscape that calming effect familiar to those who live adjacent to large expanses of water. There is a soothing injection to the psyche in anyone who lives on an ocean—and can see it. San Francisco and Vancouver and Cape Town can tell you that. So can, to a lesser degree, London and Paris, with a large, intrusive river cutting through, imposing its personality every day in every way on those

millions of lucky denizens who must cross and recross it, being satisfied for a few brief moments with the sedate, graceful glimmer of peace amidst the chaos of a modern city.

Kent provides the same majestic calm—softly falling fields in the distance. The green seems follows, that sculptured English landscape where there is nothing roughness, no unsightly things left, no obscene grand pile, no unshared section cutting a threat to the civilized remains. It is so, well, *justified*.



In *The Wheel*, where there is now a coin game called *Wheel of Fortune* and *Dolly Parton* is listed on a miniature jukebox placed in the market above a racing list, the Jersey Thoroughbred have come down from London. (There received a letter bomb. He opened it and it went "boom"). There is the problem of the peasants. One of the Westwellers, some too popular, keeps peasants and they conduct their trade on neighbors' considerable pebbles—now, then a clam of the huge creatures coming in low at sundown, an one excited pub drinker says, "like RAF fighters in the Battle of Britain."

The country lanes, huddling beneath their protective bellies, wonder with the confidence of women how far to pub, pub in farm, no doubt descendants of some wandering sheep trail—or perhaps the staggering route home tried by mistle from the pub. In one vista, the space, most people line a road like some cold vision of Provence. The grey mists cling to the land, enhancing the



impression of farmhouses adrift on the ocean of rolling green.

The talk, in Westwell, is of the two wives from the village who have gone off skiing for a week at an Austrian resort the pub regulars have decided will be glorious. "Vacation?" The expedition has been mounted with the seriousness of the invasion of Normandy and is the subject of much speculation. How will their son act? What do ladies from Westwell do at night in the fleshpots of Obergurgle? Can the countryside be trusted with the flower of English womanhood? It reveals the member of English royalty long ago who felt "other countries were a mistake."

There is the scandal of the wall. A newcomer to the village, without request, has ripped out the idea hedge that protected his 300-year-old house with the tilting floors from vulgar eyes. He has replaced it, for some respectable reason and without planning board approval, with a three-foot six-inch brick and a glaring wall with ophered

bold on top—an observation that gives neither privacy nor aesthetic pleasure.

After Sunday dinner, making lunch, is a far-house, the duration and the quiet agreed before the fire is a new set of *Five Jones*. The host, as one can do in Westwell, does periodically in a chair while his guests may join. The severity bathes the room overlooking the green waves of grass.

In one house, a Belmont records the big weekend soccer games so, at midnight, you can watch state, four-day old soccer. It is not as good as the *Brillies*, which moves itself in the village where *Roll Flowers* was filmed, a sign says PLEASE BE LITTLE CHILDREN. Church staves due to Richard Phipps' 15th century One of the town was Chancer's Pigeons? The man who built the wall tries to recover local esteem by running for parish council as the anti-peacock ticket. In Westwell, Kent, while *Brillies* goes on strike, the only thing you can hear are the birds and the tractor.

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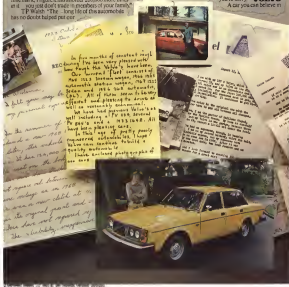
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